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No. 1287

April 27 1886

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April 27 1886

RIDING FOR A FALL

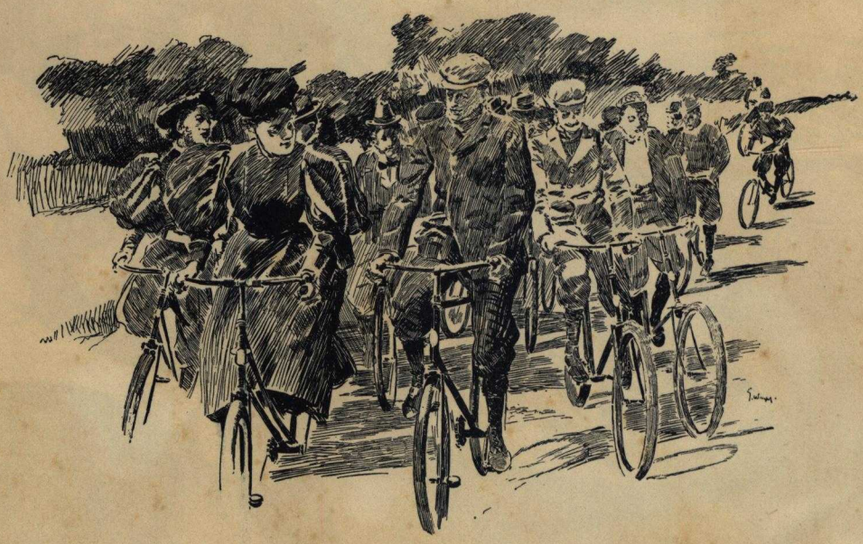
IT was a perfect day for wheeling. Even the slight sea breeze that took the curl out of their bangs, as they sat on the piazza of the O'Shun house, seemed to invite Florence and her chaperoning Aunt to go for a spin. But that good-fellowship necessary to an enjoyable trip did not exist, because Florence had a well-founded suspicion that her dear Aunt had that morning intercepted a letter from Fred Lumsden, and the Aunt was feeling that her wholly unprejudiced lecture on the evanescence of misplaced love and the durability of American dollars was not being properly appreciated. It is probable that, in spite of the glorious weather, nothing more exciting than an ordinary family quarrel would have happened, had it not been for the effervescing energy of Fred, who appeared on the scene in that unexpected way peculiar to true lovers.

"Good morning, ladies!" he called, with an effort at boldness that only made the blood mount to his cheeks. "Beautiful day—er—isn't it?"

"Beautiful! I'm so glad to see you," said Florence, with an accent of sincerity that was perhaps emphasized in order to spite her Aunt.

"Perfectly charming," said the Aunt, in the tinkling tone that reminds one of the chink of the ice in a glass of *frappé* tea.

"I did myself the honor to call on you," Fred explained, as he leaned his wheel against the hotel steps and took a chair near Florence, "because I am going West to-morrow. I have secured a position as civil engineer with a Western railway company that is projecting a branch line, and as I had the day to spare, I thought I'd come down and bid you good-bye."



"So kind of you, I am sure," said the dear Aunt. "I am so glad—for your sake, Fred—that you have this position for I think a young man should begin his life work as soon after leaving college as possible. I have no doubt that, in a few years, you will be a railway magnate."

She rattled on volubly in this vein for a couple of minutes, and all the while her words had the glib sound of wine being poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. It is a note that you catch only in the best society, and it means that the accomplished lady who is talking is all the time thinking hard about something else. The tenor of the Aunt's thoughts were as follows:

"I mustn't allow them to be alone together. I know what these partings mean. He has come down to propose to her, and she—the little hussy—will accept him. If I lock her in her room it will cause talk, and I can't keep track of them all day in these corridors. O, what shall I do?"

When the light finally broke, a practiced ear could have detected a change in her tone, as she exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Really, Fred, I am glad you have come down, for I have been planning for several days to take a party from here to the little casino they have at Clam-Shell-on-the-Sea, about fifteen miles down the coast. We can spin down there in a couple of hours, have some refreshments, and then spin back in time to catch your train for New York."

"They will be along with the other young people," she thought to herself, "and will be kept moving so that they can't have a long chat, and, anyway, it is hard to be confidential on a public road at midday."

The case didn't strike the young people in exactly the same light, and they accepted the situation graciously.

The Aunt hastened to canvass the guests at the hotel to get volunteers for the trip, and introduced Fred to so many charming young ladies during the next few minutes that he was embarrassed beyond words. Presently the party was organized, and made a start, amid much light-hearted laughter and badinage. The good, kind chaperone brought up the rear, feeling triumphant and self-satisfied.

"If they can pedal and propose at the same time," she thought to herself, "they are cleverer than I think."

For the first mile the crowd was well bunched and nothing happened. At length Fred found himself at Florence's side and managed to stammer:

"Don't y-you feel you'd like to spin a little faster?"

A glance showed that she understood, and a moment later they were quietly drawing away from the party.

"Hello!" exclaimed the inevitable idiot; "have we scorchers with us? Well, I feel like doing a little scorching myself!"

With that they all struck into a gait that left the chaperone behind, but overhauled the runaways. That scheme was undoubtedly a failure.

"Let us fall behind, then," suggested Fred. After a slight hesitation, for she did not wish everyone to see what her feelings were, Florence slowed up and soon she and Fred were abreast of the dear, good Aunt, who had noticed their ruse and was following, panting but triumphant.

"Really, it is kind of you," she panted, "I am so glad you were thoughtful enough to wait for me. I am willing to go along just as slowly as you please, for I love to look at the scenery."

Fred groaned and Florence bit her lip. Now, some may wonder why they did not strike down a side road and leave the party altogether, but it must be remembered that their love-making had not progressed yet beyond the language of the eyes and of the handclasp. It was only the prospect of a parting — perhaps for years — that made their love so intense at this time. Fred's attentions had been frowned on for the past year by all of Florence's relatives, for they all were agreed that a student has no right to make love to a girl whose friends are ambitious for her future, unless he is heir to millions. Fred was not, so, of course, he was ineligible in every way. When he found that both attempts to be alone with Florence, and tell her what was in his heart, were unsuccessful, he was almost in despair. And the dear chaperone grew happier every minute and prattled gaily about the weather and the scenery. In the meantime the scorchers slowed up, as no one had any real object in keeping up the pace, until the party was reunited.

It was then that an idea occurred to Fred that proved that he has engineering skill that will enable him to rise in the world some day. "I'll tell you what let's do," he called out. "Let's scorch from here to the casino, and have the last man who gets there pay for the refreshments,

and let the first lady to arrive be given a prize of her own choosing."

He had gauged the enthusiasm of the party to a nicety, and before the good chaperone could protest effectively, all the young people had gripped their handle-bars, leaned forward and commenced pedaling for dear life. They drew away from her rapidly and were coasting down a long incline before she had time to even guess at the significance of Fred's scheme. Soon a turn in the road took the whole party from her view, and she chewed the wholly bitter cud of reflection. The best laid plans of mice, men and chaperones are very apt to go agley from time to time.

Fred's heart rose correspondingly as he saw how well his scheme was working. He calculated that they were traveling at about twice the rate of speed of the chaperone, and that within half an hour they would be far enough ahead for his purposes. Florence didn't understand exactly what his plan was, but she kept the pace along with the foremost. She appeared to advantage on the wheel, and, as her color rose with the exertion, he thought he had never seen a lovelier sight. Her lithe athletic figure seemed to swim through the air with that peculiar grace that the poets ascribe to the gait of goddesses. Though he could, if he wished, have scorched ahead and distanced her with ease, he could not bear to have her out of his sight. So it was soon evident that he would have to pay for the refreshments. Up hill and down they went without abating their speed until the chaperone was probably three or four miles behind. Presently they coasted down a hill into a little valley where the road was wooded on both sides, and Fred saw that the opportune moment had come. Guiding his wheel till he was near enough to Florence to whisper, he said:

"Wouldn't you like to rest for a few minutes?"

She made no response, but kept right on.

"We have both lost the wagers anyway," he argued.

Her only notice of his remarks was a slight heightening of color.

"And there is something I want very much to say to you."

Her color increased.

"Miss Camden—Florence!"

"I mustn't," she half-gasped, "I did wrong to run away from Aunt."

"Well, wait for her, and I will too."

"No."

The truth was that Florence's maiden modesty was beginning to assert itself, and she had been thinking that in attempting to rush ahead with Fred, and then to fall behind, she had been too forward. Poor Fred! In his college course he had been taught to deal with the laws of nature, but not with the whims of a woman, and he was almost nonplussed. Already the others of the party were passing over the crest of the hill, and they were in danger of leaving the little valley without anything being accomplished. But still Florence kept scorching along. Even despair adds to the resourcefulness of some men, and suddenly the lines of Fred's face hardened and he raced past her up the hill. When he had gauged the distance and direction accurately, he turned and waved his hand at her as if waving "good-bye," while his wheel went directly towards a log that lay by the roadside. A moment later he struck and whirled through the air entangled with his wheel, with his arms and legs flying like a windmill. He was picking himself up as she passed. She wavered, the wheels wobbled as if she were going to alight, but she straightened up and disappeared over the crest of the hill.

His despair was complete. He didn't care if he had ruined his wheel or shattered his anatomy. His heart, however, was the only part of him that was injured, and it was rapidly sinking out of its normal position. He had certainly been mistaken. She didn't care for him. He hadn't had such a fall in his life, and yet she had left him there to die—for all she knew. Of course he had intended to fall, but the next time he fell to attract the attention of a heartless girl, he would do it on a bed of moss rather than on the side of a chestnut log and the rough edge of a gravel road. Without looking to see how much he had damaged himself, smarting inwardly and outwardly, he sat down on the log, buried his face in his hands and felt utterly miserable. He was beginning to hate himself, Florence, her Aunt and the whole world, when suddenly he felt a light hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, Fred, are you really hurt? I saw that you really intended to take that tumble, but it was horrid of me to go along without asking if you were hurt—when I knew you had done it for my sake."

The humor of taking a header for anyone's sake did not appeal to either of them just then.

"Are you hurt?"

It was his chance to sulk, and what man can resist sulking when he has the most charming girl in the world to coax him into good humor?

"Speak to me, Fred. You are not hurt, are you? O, you must be! Your jacket and—and knickerbockers are torn, and you must be. Shall I get you some water from the spring? O, do speak! Look up at me!"

She pulled his hands from his face, and, as he looked up, he saw that there were tears in her eyes. Just then Florence gave a little scream.

"O, Fred, there is Auntie coming over the hill!"

That was all the tonic he needed. Seizing her hands, he exclaimed hurriedly:

"Florence, you know why I wanted to be alone with you. I love you—have loved you for months! And now that I am going away I want to know if there is any hope for me. Will you be my wife?"

She looked down the road at the approaching Nemesis.

"Will you be my wife? I know I don't deserve you, but I will work; I will work. Some day you may love me a little."

She blushed, then glanced at the figure coasting down the hill.

"Yes, Fred! Yes! O, do let us hurry away. Aunt will be here in a minute or two."

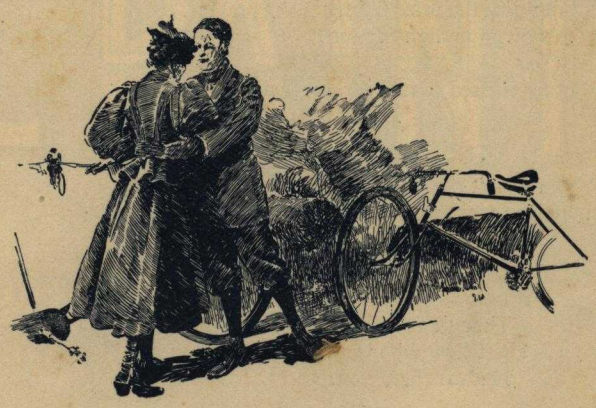
"Then you do love me!"

A moment later she was folded in his arms. What the sun saw and the chaperone suspected need not be described.

A moment later they were wheeling along side by side, utterly oblivious of everything on earth but each other. When they reached the casino the rest of the party had ordered their refreshments, and were piling up a goodly bill for the loser—who was so infinitely a winner. He explained his loss by the tumble he had taken, and praised Florence for her kindness in waiting for him. When the chaperone arrived, Florence's absent-mindedness and high color and Fred's elation told her all. Not buttermilk, nor ice-cream, nor all the soda syrups of the world, could medicine her to that sweet peace of mind she had enjoyed before Fred had appeared on the scene. If she were not so far from home she would probably have indulged in a fit of cultured hysterics; but she consoled herself with the thought that match-breaking is almost as enjoyable a sport as match-making.

Fred and Florence are not married yet, and much is being done to worry them; but the reader may rest assured that it will not be long before a youth so resourceful will win the success that will enable him to come East and claim his bride.

P. McARTHUR.



CELIA THAXTER'S HOME AND LIFE

Her Fame Grew While She Washed Dishes.

The Poetry in Her Heart Not Quenched by a Humdrum Existence and Hard Work.

Celia Thaxter, no doubt, is best known by her verses in the magazines, in adoration of glorified nature, as she found it in bird or flower or ocean or child. Her prose is too exquisite to become common.

Of her life, I suppose people generally, outside New England, have had time to learn little, except that she dwelt in some odd place where, under adverse circumstances, she succeeded in being happy. New Englander myself, since my childhood until this summer I had not visited her beloved Isles of Shoals, nor read more than fragments of her writings. With August came the opportunity to see her beautiful flowers, hear her great ocean roar and snarl, see it tumble and pearl, and, for a short moment, to live and breathe in the very room which she loved, in which she worked, and near which she expired.

A picture of the room accompanies this story. Mrs. Thaxter, it will be remembered, passed on in June, 1894, but this great snuggery is kept by her faithful son just as she left it, fresh flowers in the dozens of vases, after her custom, being placed every day. Otherwise the house, a greenish wooden structure, much like any two-story New England dwelling, having in addition a broad front piazza, now is given up to the entertainment of summer guests.

The Room in Detail.

It will be noticed that of the multiplicity of pictures upon the walls, few are originals or representative of much money value. Mostly they are photographs of famous paintings. There are priceless little souvenirs everywhere of artists in all professions whom Celia Thaxter knew and cared for. But the room, in what artists call its "atmosphere," shows rare taste, feeling, intelligence, spirituality. The "things," draperies, pillow covers, are harmonious in coloring, but I do not recollect the fabrics, nor the prevailing hue in the room. It is afternoon sunshine color, bearing a little on the green, as well as I can put it.

The floor is bare, painted, having rugs. Almost at the feet of each of the five windows, seemingly, really it is fifty feet away, the ocean threatens and invites. But it never has dared to break in, though with each bitter winter it is expected. For you must know that this cheery room is on a bleak island ten miles out in midocean, the point of reckoning being Portsmouth, N. H.

At the left, in the room, where you see a suggestion of a lily, there is a book-strewn table by one of the windows. And still further to the left, which you cannot see at all, cornerwise, back of the piano, stands the desk on which Mrs. Thaxter wrote down her verse. This is a room to work in, live in, believe in. Each of our party was grateful to Mr. Thaxter, the son, a middle-aged man, who permitted us to see his mother's "heart," as one of the women in the company said.

Her Son's Idea.

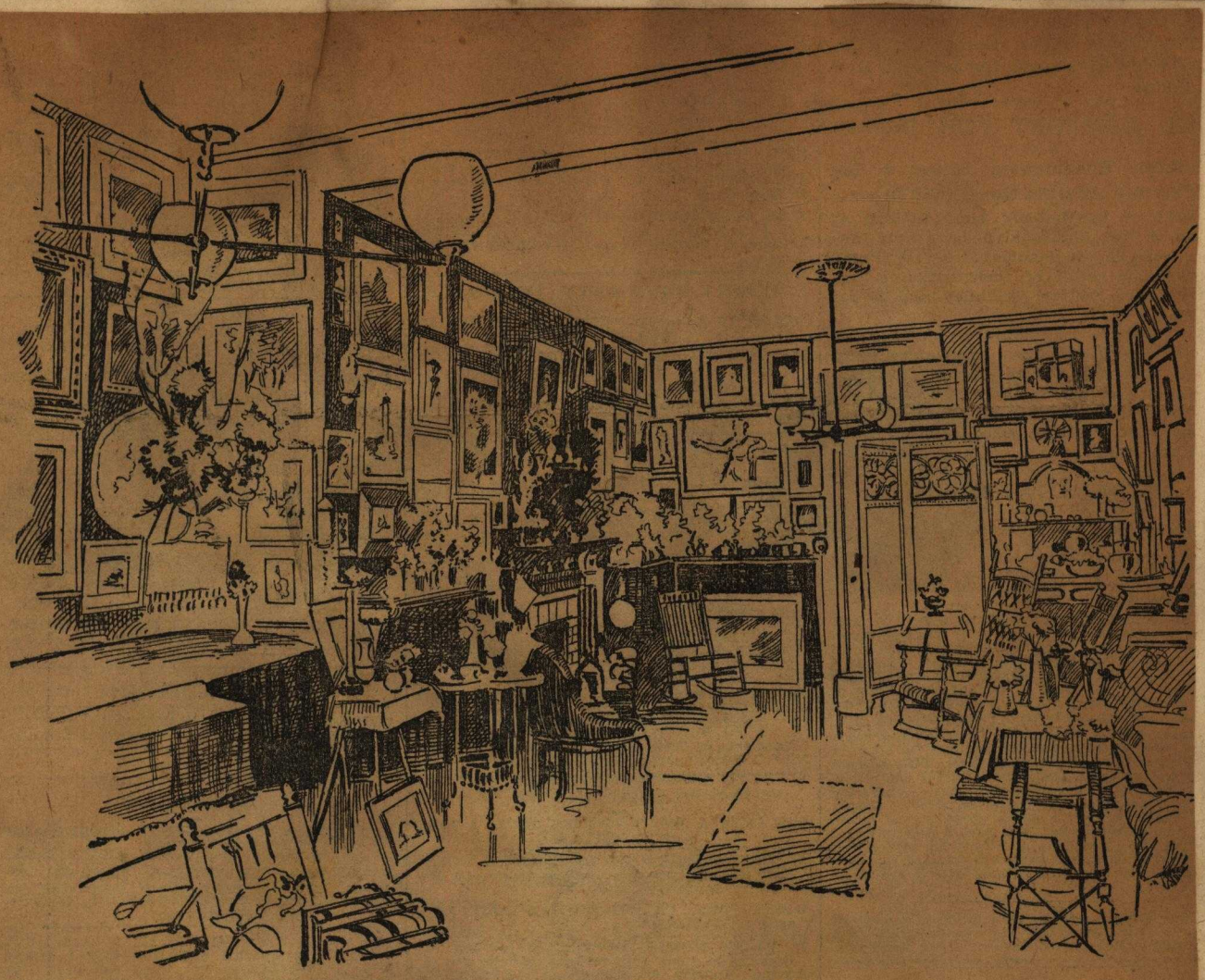
Mr. Thaxter spoke of his mother only as having "gone ahead." He missed her sadly, not forlornly. He wished we might have been in the room while she, bodily, was there. But we were impressed by a presence which we could not see. It was much like being in a sanctuary. Touching upon his mother's love for birds and the understanding which always existed between her and them, he said that a family of humming birds which each year had been of her life never returned after her death.

No visitor to any of these sturdy little Isles of Shoals, a handful of them, fails to learn as much as possible of Celia Thaxter.

Her Life in Brief.

Disappointed in political ambitions, her father and his family moved from Portsmouth to this forlorn spot when she was 5 years old. Fisher folk during the winter in her early life were her companions and charges. And during the summer, through it all, tourists visited the islands. They seem not to have impressed her nature, which was intolerant of the shams and frivolities of life. Fun she loved, none better. Too early she married a man of quiet, studious nature, which did not harmonize with her own. Her married life was unsatisfying. Three children came to her. She worshiped them and their children.

I should judge that she always remained poor in worldly goods, though she certainly would be accounted a successful woman. Poetry does not bring in much money.



CELIA THAXTER'S LIVING ROOM.

Her Personality.

The fishermen's families, lighthouse keepers and the like show the influence of this woman's personality. They are inclined to be more gentle than their climate could make them. And Mrs. Thaxter's fashion of placing flowers in numberless cups, vases, bowls, pitchers, bottles, anywhere, everywhere, is followed by them. A single shelf over the fireplace, as likely as not, in one of these cottages, will hold thirty different receptacles with blossoms. Mrs. Thaxter was a fairy princess to these people. At the great hotel now near to the Thaxter cottage a salesroom is filled with souvenirs of her. Pictures of her showing her lovely, white-haired, with a cameo-like face; her books, pictures of her home, may be procured. This would be distasteful to Mrs. Thaxter, who disliked publicity.

The charm of this woman is, was, if you think people die, her warm heart, fine mind, her fearful capacity for suffering and the endurance of it. Throughout the fifth edition of her letters to friends, just published, and which I have to-day finished reading, you feel the great heart aching for something a little beyond it. Yet Mrs. Thaxter seems to have lacked the quality of self-pity which renders other women weaklings when they might be heroines.

Her Published Letters.

The letters cover a period of thirty-eight years. They are more interesting than any story. They speak from the heart to it. They take you by the hand into this rare woman's flower bower. With her you hear the birds' secrets, know what it is to crave beauties and luxuries, and to be compelled to live, for others, a humdrum life, reading, writing only at odd moments, because the children's stockings must be darned and their stomachs fed.

At random I shall cite a few extracts from her "Letters." Mrs. Thaxter was generous in giving invitations to her parlor, but to its frequenters she said:

"If people do not enjoy what they find they must go their way; my work and the music will not cease.

"A little child died at Star Island, and they could not sail to the mainland, and had no means to construct a coffin among themselves. All day I watched the making of that little chrysalis, and at night the last nail was driven in, and it lay across a bench in the midst of the litter of the workshop, and a curious stillness seemed to emanate from the senseless board.

"I went back to the house and gathered a handful of scarlet geranium and returned with it through the rain. The brilliant blossoms were sprinkled with glittering drops. I laid them in the little coffin, while the wind wailed so sorrowfully outside and the rain poured against the windows.

"Two men came through the mist and storm, and one swung the light little shell to his shoulder, and they carried it away, and the gathering darkness shut down and hid them as they tossed among the waves.

"I never saw the little girl, but where they buried her I know; the lighthouse shines close by, and every night the quiet, constant ray steals to her grave and softly touches it as if to say, with a caress, 'Sleep well. Be thankful you are spared so much that I see humanity endure, fixed here wherever I stand.' "

NOTHING TO LOSE.

"Are you any worse for the hard times? We're not. Not having anything to lose, we've lost nothing, and having no risks to run and nothing to do with anybody or anything in the way of getting a living, we're no better nor worse than before the panic (1857). Now the cold weather is come, I have a washerwoman, which is a relief, but the ironing is hideous, ungrateful that I am!"

"Yesterday John came in from outdoors, red as a poppy, and bellowing lustily: 'Mamma, that naughty biddy won't let me take hold of her tail!' and he howled with rage while I screamed with laughter."

"What with trying to eat up the quinces, apples, squashes, pumpkins, etc., as fast as they show a leaning toward decay, we are obliged to eat very little of anything else."

"I devour books whenever I get a chance, read Dante and peel squash a la Elizabeth Bronte, have got through Hell and Purgatory and am coming to Heaven now, thank fortune."

"I am always up at 4, and hear everything any bird has to say on any subject whatsoever."

"The sweet housekeeping of the martins in the little boxes on my piazza roof is more enchanting to me than the most fascinating opera, and I worship music. I think I must have begun a conscious existence as some kind of a bird in aeons past, I love them so."

SHE ADORED TOADS.

"If there is one thing I adore more than another it is a toad."

"An old man in a shop here the other day said to me: 'I went to bed real comfortable after I had read your poem about your grandchild. I thought 'twas beautiful.' That was so unexpected and pleased me so much, for I didn't know the old fellow much, and it was so surprising."

"The martins do almost light on my head; the humming birds do. And they tangle their little claws in my hair."

"I don't think I ever realized what fun was until I became a grandmother. Isn't it delightful?"

"I never think of the critics when I speak. It is my way of praising the Lord to adore His beautiful work."

Celia Thaxter's Letters.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Her Passing.

Mrs. Thaxter's death, in her 60th year, was sudden, painless. She had been listening to music from what seems to have been her one extravagance, her grand piano; reading aloud to friends, looking at pictures, when she fell asleep, and the end came. They buried the body on her own loved island. Her biographer says: "It was indeed a poet's burial, but it was more than that; it was the celebration of the passing of a large and beneficent soul."

As an Inspiration.

To get away from the earth, earthy, I know no better mode than a trip to the Isle of Shoals or Celia Thaxterland. If it cannot be made in person there are her fascinating prose accounts, "An Island Garden," "Among the Isles of Shoals." Critics speak of Mrs. Thaxter's books as having fine literary and social qualities. No doubt. But I fancy that more than one woman who reads this account will be glad to be reminded of a woman who was great and became famous through and while she washed her own dishes.

G. E. D.

TALMAGE ON HEREDITY.

A Thousand Years Cannot Obliterate Family Characteristics.

"Now, the longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood," writes Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference. The large lip of the house of Austria is seen in all the descendants and is called the Hapsburg lip. The house of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I. and Charles II. Witness James I. and James II., and all the others of that imperial line.

"Scotch blood means persistence. Dutch blood means cleanliness and good breeding. English blood means reverence for the ancient. Welsh blood means religiosity. Danish blood means fondness for the sea. Indian blood means roving disposition. Celtic blood means fervidity. Roman blood means conquest.

"The Jewish faculty for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "He was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same family characteristics."

— It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and leave the consequence to God.—*Lord Erskine.*

— If you build castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—*Thoreau.*

— Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—*Farrar.*

— We cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again—line for line, deed for deed—to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand!—*Emerson.*

— The countenance of holy men is full of spiritual power.—*Chrysostom.*

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TO MARRY OR NOT?

What Some Say.

Chauncey M. Depew and Frederic W. Pangborn contribute some interesting estimates upon the subject of women's happiness in and out of the marriage state. They are given below. These gentlemen offer little encouragement to the New Woman in her search for solitary joy. But it is probable, pleased as the bachelor maid may be that her problems are considered seriously and courteously by persons who, too, think that she will go right on being unmarried until some man personally persuades her to change her mind. M. D.

Mr. Depew's Idea.

No woman is thoroughly happy until she is married and experiences the joys of motherhood. The fact that she is rich and cultured, that she possesses superior talent for art or literature, only intensifies her one-sidedness. She may not know and will not admit that marriage would complete her happiness and give her broader views of life, keener appreciation of truth and surround her with a healthier atmosphere. But she cannot escape the beautiful and beneficent purposes for which God created her by remaining single, and she can be as intellectual and cultured and infinitely more charming to those blessed by her influence and more useful to the world by what she does for her husband and children.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Jan. 16, 1897.

Mr. Pangborn's Reply.

"Can a famous woman be perfectly and serenely happy and contented in the state of maidenhood?"

It is my modest opinion that she cannot; and also that she could not be "perfectly and serenely happy and contented" if she were married. There can be no such thing as perfect and serene happiness and contentment in the life of any one who has ambition enough to wish to be famous; and not even the attainment of that fame which is desired will bring perfect happiness and contentment, for the simple reason that, no matter how far ambition may be satisfied, there must always be something yet to be coveted. The very essence of fame lies in the yearning for more fame. No one who wishes for more can ever be perfectly contented, even though quite happy. It is not a question of sex, but one of temperament, which is involved in the question as put by your fair contributor.

What she really means, I suspect, is to ask whether her readers think that the attainment of fame, in the lines suggested, will be as satisfying to a maiden woman as to one who has known the life of wifehood and motherhood; and to this question it is possible to answer (speaking for the majority) "No." There are, of course, exceptions in this as in all like instances; there are women as well as men who do not need marriage, and who are not fit for it; but it is my humble opinion that the great majority of women, and men, too, never develop their uttermost possibilities of happiness and contentment until they have nobly faced the experiences which come with the married state. I do not say that one may not, for good and sufficient reasons, put all thought of marriage aside, and still be a useful and happy member of the general community; but I do believe that, in the very nature of all good women lies a something which ceaselessly inclines them to husband, home and child, no matter how famous they may have become; and that, other things being equal, the woman whose life has the rounded fullness of wifehood and motherhood to intensify its possibilities, will generally be a happier and more contented woman than she whose "only love" is the fame which happens to have come to her by right of conquest.

This is the age of intellectual unrest. Never in the history of the civilized world has there been so intense a belief among the people that everybody should attain what, for want of a better term, we are pleased to call "fame." This unrest has taken hold of the women of the American land with a violence that is at times most pitiful to contemplate. In many cases it has developed a state of positive irritation which often mars the happiness of this never too happy life, and draws good women away from the direct course that leads to life's best happinesses. Necessity sometimes tends to this unfortunate climax, but often also it is mere ambition that thus perverts the purpose of existence. Rivalry for public notice, yearning for the plaudits of others, ambition for place (no matter how void it may be of love and peace)—these and many other motives draw the woman of this age from a calm and judicious contemplation of the best possibilities that lie within herself. "Fame," once the guerdon of the really great and useful, now means almost anything from membership in a club to a speech upon the public platform or the publication of a story in a newspaper; ambition means a rivalry with one's fellows for any kind of notice that may be won from the public; success is anything done, provided it be done so that the world shall hear of it; while the real pursuit of happiness, which ever lies in sacrifice and the making of others happy, is but a secondary consideration or is abandoned altogether as an unworthy mission, long since filled by our grandmothers.

"Happiness and contentment" are not a synonym for "fame;" they have but little in common. It is my belief that the woman who dwells in the love of a good husband and children, and whose life is lived for them more than for herself, knows this; and that the other woman knows it, too, even though she see but dimly through the dull consciousness of a vague unrest. Yours cordially,

FREDERIC W. PANGBORN.

Godey's Magazine, New York, Jan. 16, 1897.

IDEAL WIFE, IDEAL HUSBAND

Famous People Write of Youth's Dreams for "The Press."

PERFECT LIFE PARTNERS

What Married Life Would Be if Dreams Came True.

FRANK VIEWS OF "THE DUCHESS"

Fanny Davenport Has No Fondness for the Ideal Man.

POET J. K. BANGS IS SARCASTIC

Frank R. Stockton Leaves the Subject to Maids and Bachelors—Ideals of Bill Nye, J. G. Brown, Frances E. Willard and Others.

Every bachelor and every maid dreams sometimes of ideals. Whether such ideals are often realized is "another story." That is experience—and the real. But what these ideals are, the "looking forward" is quite a different question. It has been stealthily broached in club and boudoir, talked over by groups of men in smoking jackets and by bevies of girls at the midnight hour.

Yet not until now has the query been asked in the broad light of the day. A company of distinguished authors and people of the world have been questioned, and with this result:

Poet Bangs Satirical.

The qualities which go to make the ideal wife are so elusive that it is difficult to say precisely what they are. Not having made a study of wives, even could I state those qualities, I should have no authority to speak. I have encountered one ideal wife in the course of my brief time upon earth, but have yet to find a pen sufficiently inspired to do her justice; therefore, I shall not make the effort to describe the characteristics which make of her a realized ideal in my eyes.

I judge, however, from what I have read in the newspapers recently, that the ideal wife of the future is to be a truly marvelous thing. She is going to eliminate the word male from the constitutions of our States. She is going to restrain masculine tendencies everywhere, save in her own nature. She is going to bring up her daughters to vote and stand up in horse cars, to run for Congress and wear beaver hats; to serve on juries and shave; while her sons will be instructed in the noble arts of cooking, sewing and button holing. In short, she is going to emancipate woman and domesticate man. When she has done this she will destroy vice altogether. Crime will become a lost art. Human nature, whereinsoever it fails to please her, she will change until it does please her, and the world will be neat as a pin and as good as pie.

The ideal wife of the future will be a magnificent creature, and her husband will wish he had never been born.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

How to Make Him Ideal.

An ideal husband! Oh, wonder of wonders! To be looked forward to in perfect hope in one's maiden days, to be found—so seldom! But when found, what a treasure!

And now to describe him! In one thing a good temper—this is the first great essential in the salad that goes to make up an ideal husband—and after that one should drop in speedily the gentle oil of perfect truthfulness, and then the tender herbs of honesty and uprightness.

Good temper, then, is the first thing. But if a man have a good nose, that is a good thing, too, for a nose goes a long way in the making of a face, and a face has a great deal to do with the hearts of most wives.

There are little trifles in all our lives that sometimes lead to bad results. These trifles should be looked to in time. For instance, the ideal husband should not smoke in the drawing rooms—that would be abominable! And he should not like his club better than his home, that would be criminal. And he should not love any one as well as his wi——. No. He should love his wife above all others—that means everything. But, then, for the other side of the question. If he may not smoke in the drawing rooms or in his wife's boudoir, she should see that he has a delightful snuggery of his own, where he can smoke to his heart's content; and if he is to be truthful and upright and honest, why, so should she be. And if he is to love her above all the rest of the world, why, then, she should take care that she so holds herself as to be worthy of such love. Indeed, when all is said, I am sure you will agree with me in this, that the making of an ideal husband lies in the wife's own hands!

And when one comes to argue the case quite fairly, I think she ought to have a handsome nose, too.

M. HUNGERFORD ("THE DUCHESS.")

Let Maids and Bachelors Decide.

Really you should not ask married men and women to give their ideas of ideal wives and husbands. To be the right sort of a married person, each one of them could only answer, "The one I have is my ideal." It is the maids and bachelors who should answer these questions. Each one of them has an ideal, and as, in the majority of cases, those ideals have no subsequent realization, such records would be interesting, in the future, to the parties in question, and to their friends.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

From Fanny Davenport.

A woman's ideal husband would not in life make her happy, I think, as her real husband. If she were of a literary nature, or a bookworm, she would desire that he should be one also. Then, alas! where would home be and children? "In joining contracts lyeth love's delight." Would it be heresy to say I have no ideal for a husband? A man to be a perfect husband would have to vary as a weathercock to fit to suit a woman's changing moods. To-day I might desire him attentive, demonstrative; to-morrow to pay no attention to me and let me solemnly alone. The following day I would wish him lively, full of fun, and after that day serious, quiet and demure. A woman, I think, can have no ideal husband, for such would be a veritable Sphinx; an enigma; one attribute, however, I deem most essential—gentleness in word and action; to ever remember she, his wife, is a woman, more helpless, physically, at all events, than he; that God gave her suffering, he, her husband, will never suffer; and, therefore, deal with her considerately, gently; gentleness will disarm the most spiteful, shrewish woman. A kind word always turneth away wrath; and make her, his wife, look within her heart, and see "Love is King," and gentleness its handmaid.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

A Great Painter's Views.

"My Ideal Wife" must be my companion in all my joys and sorrows, must be at home when I am; when I leave she must be with me, until we are one in thought and action. Her wish must be my wish, so that "Her very feet have music in them when she comes up the stairs."

J. G. BROWN.

Time Tells the Story.

I once spread "My Ideal Husband" out over two or three pages. What I said of him then I don't quite remember; something good, no doubt. This time I will be rather non-committal, and without specifying his virtues, say that the man who is his bride's ideal, and who, after the wear and tear of twenty or thirty years of married life is still the one his wife would choose from all the world, is my ideal husband.

MARY J. HOLMES.

Bill Nye Describes Mrs. Nye.

My ideal wife is a comrade who wins me from downtown, and who agrees with me generally, and if not, it is quite likely to be because I am wrong. She is one who has repeatedly proved that her impressions

are better than the expensive opinions of my attorney.

She sees where danger lies, while I am groping about, by means of cumbersome logic, to arrive later at the same conclusion. She does not claim to be literary, but discovers at once when an author becomes artificial and writes from the head rather than the heart. She is level headed, rather than strong minded. She knows when to applaud her husband without making a goose of him, and how to criticize without offending him.

She delights in benefiting the needy, whom she knows rather than make blanc mange for the people on the upper Congo. She does not say kind words by long distance telephone, but anticipates the wants of the deserving in her own neighborhood.

She can give pointers to a professional cook, and compels good service because she is familiar with all the details of good housekeeping. She can transact business when an emergency arises, but is glad to turn it over to the husband when he is at hand.

The ideal wife is also an ideal mother. She has no abnormal affection for wheezy dogs. She is a good fellow with her husband, and the confidante and comrade of her sons and daughters.

She reveres the honest elements of religion without being a beggar or hustler for the church. She does not neglect her home or her children in order to wipe out a church debt which should not have been incurred.

She is the kind of woman to encourage wedlock by her glorious example. She is the kind to make confirmed bachelors and old maids pity themselves.

Finally, she compels her husband to congratulate himself, and to wonder what he would have been without her.

She is unselfish. She is healthy in mind and body, and she is the mother of good citizens. She makes the world better for having lived in it, "and of such is the kingdom of heaven." BILL NYE.

Later.—Buck Shoals, an old place on the French Broad River, where Bill Nye has built a beautiful home, was aroused at 7.30 a. m. last week by the tones of a street piano. The family jumped out of bed, sons, daughters and guests, to say nothing of Mrs. Nye. They rushed to the windows with beating hearts, for the summer home is 200 miles from a street piano, organ or monkey.

When they threw their silver down on the lawn a hobo with bushy whiskers ran to pick it up, gave them some more "'After the Ball," and then taking off his wig and things William the humorist grinned up at them, put away his piano and pocketed their coin.

He had ordered the piano to arrrive the night before, and says it has paid for itself already.

—

Miss Willard Believes in Women.

The ideal husband is a man who believes that women are slowly but surely coming to their own, and that it is "their own" to work side by side with men everywhere, for the reason that the place in which a pure woman may not be present, no man should ever enter. The ideal husband is one who holds it as a sacred article of faith that it is not enough for women to be home-makers, but that they must make the world itself a larger home. He is a man who has found out that all the affairs of the world are really "family affairs," and hence that they cannot be advantageously managed by either sex alone. He believes that the segregation of the sexes, into different worlds, is an offense against nature's first and highest law. He is a man who glorifies the vocation of motherhood above all others, and believes that the only queen who should fitly survive is the mother on her rocking chair throne with a curly-headed subject kneeling by her side, a soft hand on its forehead, and its sweet voice saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep." But he believes that the mother must be regnant as to the Divine decision that dares invoke another life, and to do that she must be God's and her own free woman, to whom shall never come the annunciation of her highest office and ministry, save from the angel of her intuitions responding to the voice of a love so pure that it is patient, and bides its time until the handmaid of the Lord shall say, "Be it unto me even as thou wilt."

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

—

Lawyer A. H. Hummel's Ideal.

"So then he that giveth her in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." I. Corinthians, chap. vii., verse 38.

My experience in matrimony is varied and extensive, though I have never tried it myself. I have thought of St. Paul's advice more than once when I've been on the brink, and I have hesitated about making the plunge. And it has always been because I have not found my ideal. The unfortunate part of it all is that when I do find her I have no doubt that she will be so sensible, so clear headed, that she will require an ideal man, and, ergo, I will not suit. That seems to be a foregone conclusion.

I see in my daily business scores of wives with grievances. They have usually an objection to every custom, every act of their husbands. They have complained, whined and scolded until the men were driven from home for amusement. Of course, they have never misconducted themselves, the men alone have been guilty.

My ideal wife would never complain. She would have too much sense for that. She would overlook any minor imperfection and see only the silver lining of any cloud. Her disposition must be sweet and kindly, and her manner gentle and affectionate. She must be bright enough to make me forget the business turmoil that I leave behind when I go home to her. She must be considerate and must bow to my whims, caprices and fancies. If I feel like going out, she should bid me go with cheerful face; if I would remain home, she must be the magnet. Virtue, talent and learning I would also expect. All things considered, I fear the combination is too much for frail humanity. The ideal wife, like the ideal man, belongs only to the millennium.

A. H. HUMMEL.

—

Burdette's Beautiful Thoughts.

Oh, "the ideal wife"—that is, the man's ideal—is, as a rule, the creation of his own intense masculine selfishness. The best picture of the "ideal wife" I have ever seen you will find in the book of Proverbs, chapter xxxi., and it is a man's ideal all the way through, "the words of King Lemuel," but it is "the prophecy that his mother taught him." So it comes from a woman after all. "The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no lack of gain. She will do him good—she seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands—she bringeth her food"—and this too, quite likely—"from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household"—while he rolls over for another snooze—"she considereth a field and buyeth it"—and he owns two-thirds of it—"her lamp goeth not out by night"—but he is first to bed and last to get up—"her husband is known in gates"—because he has such an excellent wife—"she maketh fine linen and selleth it"—but it does not appear that he does anything except to sit in the gates—"among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth with wisdom"—while he wisely keeps his shut, save when he has the good taste and appreciation to "call her blessed" and "praise her." "She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness"—wherefore he has an easy time of it and has no need to bother his head about anything. There is "the ideal wife" for you; her husband is mentioned only three times in the description of her household; once he is safely trusting in her," once he is praising her, having nothing else to do, himself, and the other time he is sitting in the gates, wearing out the dome of his garments, which is perhaps one reason why her candle burns all night. "The ideal wife"—why—"There is only one good wife in this congregation," said a grim old minister, standing in his pulpit one Sunday morning; every man and woman in the house looked at each other—"and every married man thinks he has got her," the pastor concluded. That is the "ideal wife," the woman who takes care of your children, your house, your clothes and yourself.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

—

An Ideal Couple.

The ideal wife is not only a comfort, but an inspiration to her husband. Lord Beaconsfield attributed his public success to the encouragement of his wife. Perhaps there was never a more ideal union than that of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Both were poets, and each could appreciate the work of the other. A happy marriage is not necessarily an ideal one. Perfect sympathy and mutual devotion characterize an ideal marriage. HORATIO ALGER, JR.

—

Laurence Hutton's Desire.

There have been but two women in the world to me—my mother and my wife—both of them blessed and possessing the gift of blessing others. The only man I envy is the man whose mother is still spared to him. The only man I'd like to be, if I was not myself, is—to paraphrase Mr. Choate—the present Mrs. Hutton's second husband.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

—

A Unique View.

He must be perfectly clean in every particular and be not afraid of anything. An angelic temper is by no means necessary and an occasional "damn" will not do a particle of harm. I could say more, but I am afraid of being guyed by the newspapers.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

"WHY WE ARE OLD MAIDS."

Compare Favorably with the New Woman, Anyhow.

The new woman may be as black as male fancy paints her, but one beneficent use she has had—she has given us old maids a rest, says a bright writer for The Queen. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the good she has blown us is a holiday from the caricaturist. Whoever you are, and whatever you think, oh, readers, male and married ones, on the subject of old maids, it is safe to affirm that you are wrong. It is not in male or in married human nature to admit the real reasons of our celibacy. I know, and you know, that in each of you is the ineradicable conviction that spinsterhood is the brand of female failure; old maids have always struck you as just the residuum strained off by natural selection from the mass of the marriageable—those, so to speak, who, in the competitive candidature for poses matrimonial, have come out at the bottom of the list. No fault of their own, poor souls! but just inferiority of sex-attractiveness, which is, of course, what solely determines a woman's place on the hither or thither side of matrimony. Of this sex-attractiveness man is judge, and with unction he performs his office!

Marriage, I assert, is no test of sex-attractiveness whatever, but only of favoring circumstance. When Fortune is tired of turning her wheel, she seems to amuse herself by tossing up for who are to be paired and who left over. We are not just the inevitable remnant resulting from monogamic institutions and the overplus of our sex—not the consequence of supply exceeding demand (that fact explains, indeed, why spinsters must be, but not why we must be spinsters). Of love we have received our full share, nor have we failed in any of the potentialities of wife and motherhood. Nothing so explicable and definable accounts for us. We are as we are just because it has so happened. We were counters in Fortune's game of hazard; she knew not herself whether she was to win or lose with us. The basis of selection is no quality in the person chosen, but merely accident.

Look facts straight in the face. Beyond that of marriage, what is there to distinguish the wedded from the unwedded? Nothing. What characteristic is there permanently present in the one and not in the other? None. There are shrewish wives and shrewish spinsters; jolly matrons and jolly maiden aunts; doting mothers and doting celibate adorers of pets, four-footed and feathered. Some of both classes are pretty, some plain.

How often one hears it whispered of a bride, "There's no accounting for taste;" how often of a white-haired maiden, "They say she was once a great belle." We are neither worse nor better than other women. In Cupid's eyes, I maintain, we are the same. Love, I grant, is a test of sex-attractiveness, but love is not marriage. And even love may fail through accident. Angelina may be wrecked on a desert island, or find "Never the time and place and the loved one altogether," or she may teach in a girls' high school manned by a female staff. No one weds his first love, they say; I wonder how many wed their dearest! How often it is the seemingly least serious flirtation that becomes the legal tie! What brings such marriages about? External pressure? Parents? Gold?

Yes, it is well to dodge those of Cupid's arrows that are not tipped with dots and insurance policies. But many a rich woman is unwed. Even gold as a determining factor breaks down. Once more, I insist, all is chance. Providence, if you will, or predestination; but no quality or possession of our own.

I said no quality of our own really mattered, but there is perhaps one—unconnected with sex-attractiveness—that, in women, increases the odds against matrimony. Those who regard love as a gift, for which there can exist but one approved recipient, narrow their opportunities, however many they may be, to the touch-and-go number of one.

Of course, neither my view nor yours admits of proof. Married women wear their scalp at their waist, but it is none the more real for that than the ones that lie hidden away among faded letters and flowers in spinster archives.

But in the eyes of the public, I am well aware, marriage will continue to be regarded as the same sort of guarantee of sex-attainments as passing an examination is of mental ones. I suppose that people will never be pursuaded that, as there may be geniuses without diplomas, there may be charming women without husbands (I, myself, if they only knew it, am one!).

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under-dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

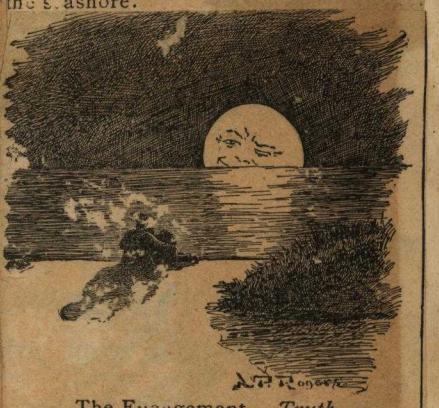
Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious beliefs.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Jupiter—What's you hurry? Can't you stay awhile?

Moon—No; I've got an engagement at the seashore.



The Engagement.—*Truth.*

WHEN GIRLS ARE ENGAGED.

A Suggestion or Two as to the Correct Attitude.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquois, and when it was put there you remember that the Hindoo said: "He who hath a turquois hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, your lover it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you an object of ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home. Let him come in and be one of them—there's a dear five minutes when he can speak to you, when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both.

Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs, for the secrets of the household do not even belong to the man you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and in deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called familiarity.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

STOP IN TIME.

EVEN agreeable people can easily degenerate into bores.

Tom Moore was a charming singer of his own songs, but no one could persuade him to sing more than two at one time.

He was the pet of fashionable society, and would flit about of an evening from party to party, always importuned to sing, and always willing to gratify others in this way; but he had no idea of stepping over the line and allowing a single person to be annoyed.

Two songs would be agreeable. Three or more might cause him to be voted a bore, and so he always resigned his seat at the piano when every one wished him to remain.

If other people, and especially if politicians, would act on the same principle!

If the young man who drops into a neighbor's once or twice a week and stays three hours, thus making himself a terror to a well-ordered household, would only limit his calls to thirty minutes.

One of these who extended his call well toward midnight was quietly asked by his hostess if he would remain to breakfast.

He was a sensible fellow and took the hint in good part, learning a lesson which always helped to make him a welcome guest.

MAN'S LOVE.

ALTHOUGH we have the dictum of Byron that

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence,"

we hold it to be but a poor and commonplace philosophy which teaches that man can not love as truly and permanently as woman.

There may be fewer instances of man's life-long devotion, but there are many to prove the fact that he is capable of deathless love.

There are fewer instances, because the temptations to forget the first strong, overpowering passion of our being are more frequent with men than with women.

Other passions naturally try to unseat from the heart's throne any dominant power which tramples them beneath its feet, especially when its sway has been unhappy.

The busy scenes which men pass through give to those passions—ambition, avarice, the love of fame, and many others—every opportunity of dethroning Love, if Love be in himself not strong and firm.

Business, pleasure, danger, strife, and all the many memories attached to them, strive to efface, by the crossing of new lines, the impressions of early years; but the diamond can neither be scratched nor sullied, and if the heart be of a baser stone, it may and will lose the image that it bore; but if it be, like that jewel, firm and clear and pure, it will retain unchanged that which has once been engraved upon it.

In truth, the heart that has truly loved, whether it be feminine or masculine, seldom ceases to worship at the shrine of its pure, exalted devotion.

TO WIN A WOMAN'S LOVE.

I WOULD like to know what women think of men that hold sordid ideas and carry them out. They laugh at them among themselves, and treat them with the contempt they deserve for presuming to think women can be won only by gold.

Of course there are black sheep in every fold, and we all know that some girls (like some of the opposite sex) will barter anything for gold.

Now, I'm not a lovesick maiden, nor is it my "sole aim in life to fall in love." Oh, dear, no! But I think I can answer for myself as well as for many another girl when I say that we value our homes too much to intrust our future happiness to a walking "bank."

If you win a woman by money, she does not love. She is incapable of a feeling so unselfish.

A woman's passions may for the moment mislead her into the belief that she loves the man who panders to her every wish; but she is soon disillusioned.

The experience of some men seems to have been limited to butterflies—real women he has evidently never known.

There is a sense of the romantic more or less ingrained in the mind of every human being. Romance! The word has an expansive meaning. And romance is displayed differently in different natures; its main outlet is love.

Some may laugh at this; but they who laugh most are those who know least. If such persons look closer into things, they will acknowledge the truth.

Now for my opinion on "How to win a woman's love?"

Place yourself on a pedestal. Seem—to the eyes of the fair one—above the passions of the multitude, make yourself very agreeable to all whom you come in contact with, seemingly ignore her whom you wish most to attack. Then, if the game be cleverly played, you shall get your "nap." Finally, a little earnest condescension, a little cynical flirting, a little apparent ranking of the woman above her fellows, and it is done.

Woman's heart does not open to golden keys. It opens to real worth, to real exclusiveness, worthy or otherwise; lastly, it opens to the thing it can pet and nourish surrounded by the glow of passion.

MARRIED LIFE.

BY E. G. JONES, M. D.

TELL me not in mournful accents
Married life is but a sham.
For the man is base who says so;
Let him prove it if he can.

Married life is what we make it,
'Tis a heaven or a hell.
If you want to make it heaven,
Learn this lesson, learn it well:

Love should be the first requirement,
That should be your guiding star;
If there is no love between you
You had better drift apart.

Men and women are not angels,
Human nature's much the same;
Prone to evil, born to suffer,
Men have failings, women too.

Don't deceive in little matters,
Learn to trust each other well;
Don't mislead with fairy stories,
For the end will bring remorse.

Angry words so quickly spoken,
Wound the heart and chill its love;
Let your words be kind and loving,
Let your thoughts be true and kind.

Let your home be for each other,
Let no mother-in-law intrude;
If she wants a sphere of action
Let her find it far from you.

Life is short and full of troubles,
Don't grieve over fancied wrongs;
Keep your kisses for each other,
Don't forget the marriage vow.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

ENGAGEMENTS.

WHEN a girl who is engaged to be married tells of her engagement, it is a very good sign that she was never engaged before.

Every woman believes that if her husband could be married to some other woman for a week, he would know how to appreciate her.

Marriage seems never so much a failure to a man as when something goes wrong at home that he can't possibly blame on his wife.

It makes no difference how worthless a man is, his mother thinks it no sacrilege to delude the best girl in the world into marrying him.

We heard two young men discussing boarding-houses. "At the place where I board," one of them said, "the home influence is better than the meals."

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

IT is well for a girl if she is not easily won; if she can bring reason to bear on her choice of a husband, and study her lover impartially.

She can always tell how a man stands with his sisters; if they are really fond of him, she may feel almost sure that he will make a good husband.

A mother, of course, will always speak well of her son; it is not what she says of him, but his behavior to her, that is to be looked to.

And a lady may feel certain on this point: that as a man now treats his mother and sisters, so he will treat her six months after marriage.

All this may seem very cold-blooded, very far removed from the tender feelings which courtship induces. But, after all, a girl has a choice to make—a choice upon which the happiness of her whole life will depend; and there is always a time, whether she notices it or not, before she parts with the control of her heart, at which she ought to listen to her judgment.

Without better evidence than her own feelings she is very likely to make a mistake; but if she can assure herself that her lover is a man who is respected and liked by his male friends, and is a favorite at home, she may be pretty sure that in listening to his love she is choosing wisely.

WHO MAKE THE BEST HUSBANDS—YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MEN?

THE opinion of you, reader, on the above subject would, I am sure, be of interest to girls who are neither engaged nor married.

I trust I may be allowed to say just a few words, although being an unmarried woman who has seen very little of the world, it is possible my ideas will not meet with a very favorable reception from your readers who have had a wider experience.

In my estimation, it is the middle-aged man who makes the best husband—the man who settles down after thirty-five years' experience of life and of the world. He then chooses his life-partner, not in haste, but, after serious consideration, endeavors to gain the one who is most suitable in disposition and endowed with the indispensable qualifications of a good wife. Yet he chooses a young wife, and is more likely to keep true to her than a younger man would be. The middle-aged man's sentiments of love are not so romantic as those of a young man; nevertheless, his attachment is often more lasting, more sincere.

The middle-aged man, it is true, is apt to be a little sedate in his ways; he is apt to be dogmatic, and to have a high estimation of his own ideas; but he prefers his own fireside to the pleasures of club life, and that is a virtue not to be despised by a wife.

One can observe how devoted the middle-aged husband is to his young wife.—Spare Moments.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD WIFE.

IT'S both natural and honorable that young girls should look forward to marriage as the *Ultima Thule* of life, for a woman's crowning glory must always be wifehood and motherhood; but better than a marriage without love, or love without a marriage, is the single girl forever.

Many girls (writes Mrs. G. Hall, in The Housekeeper) on leaving school seem to think their education completed, and there is nothing more to do than to dress and amuse themselves, and try and insnare some one into marrying them. This may be fairly natural, to look forward to having a home of one's own, and yet how few seem to think it necessary to qualify themselves for so responsible a position as the head of a household. There is a most important interval in a woman's life, that between her school-days and her marriage. Then the useful and practical knowledge on household matters, needle-work, economy, and various other points which all tell upon the happiness of a home, may be acquired.

If habits of industry and economy of time are not formed in early life, they never will be. Every girl should help in the household, having her own appointed tasks. How much better, even if not obliged to do it, than spending the time in dressing, and promenading the streets, searching for the latest novelty in dress, or as a walking fashion-plate to be admired!

She should make her mother's home her own in interest. Begin with her own things and her own living place, and when she has made herself wholly mistress of that, so that it is easier to do than to leave undone, she has learned enough to keep a whole house so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

Cherish instincts of taste and neatness, girls, in every little thing that you have about you, and order will breathe out and grace to even the commonest things. Some people may call you "fussy," but never mind; it is the not knowing that makes you that.

Don't put even your pins into your cushion in a tipsy sort of way. Let it be a part of your toilet to dress your room while you dress yourself.

It is wonderful to see how much ingenuity is shown by some women, who with very little money make themselves and their surroundings so attractive. Old clothes fixed over to look as good as new; old carpets and cushions fresh and bright. Nothing helps a person like doing these things, and it is a real fact that, if distasteful at first, housework and sewing will come to be a woman's realm in which such exact results will be reached, by careful management, that will seem like magic.

"One keep clean is worth a dozen make cleans," is an old maxim and a true one. Manage to clean as you go, which will save hosts of labor, and give abundant satisfaction in results. Putting to rights will not be a separate task then.

In the realm of home, woman should be queen. Home should take its hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly, if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted, she unconsciously organizes or puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mold the setting of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power or eloquence, can possibly do.

To those, as we have said, who believe that in marriage lies their only or chiefest source of happiness, let me say that you will not find all light and no darkness, all roses and no thorns. A young girl, in marrying, sacrifices much. She gives up in a great measure her independence, to a great extent her preferences. She consents to great changes in her habits and often in her friendships.

In fact, she leaves nearly all her past life behind her when she becomes a wife, and very seldom does she appreciate the character of the sacrifice she has made, even beneath the crown of blossoms. Oh, what a chasm often lies between wifehood and maidenhood! How she misses the mother, the sister, all the tender felicities of home, the old singleness of heart, the serenity of mind, the blissful, girlish days!

Ah! she must love long and deeply, and worthily, or she will feel a blank in her heart, a dull, dumb pain, never wholly conquered, particularly if she light upon a man not altogether meriting it, or fully capable of compensating her for the losses she has sustained.

It is true enough that a happy marriage is the best lot that can befall a woman, but surely, by a long way, an unhappy one is the worst; and how many such would be averted if one looked early to the ways of the household, and took a longer time in determining the choice.

HASTY FRIENDSHIPS.

SOME people are continually acquiring "dear friends." Ladies of an impressionable nature have been known to add two or three to their list every week during the visiting season. Men are not, generally speaking, as apt to run into friendship as the more amiable sex, yet many a man contracts friendship in haste that he repents at leisure. True friends are scarce acquisitions. They can not be picked up at the rate of half a dozen a season at dinner-parties or balls.—Ex.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Man's love is but one of his many feelings: in the scholar it is subservient to his thirst for knowledge; in the patriot it yields to his worship of his country; glory haloes the heart of the soldier; but with women the affections are omnipotent; they absorb all other thoughts, and make all other passions their slaves.

HAPPY WIVES.

As we look about on our circle of acquaintances, we are convinced that marriage is not always the ideal state the novelist would have us think.

We are surrounded by mystery. Strange to say, all rules fail.

The woman we admire as accomplished and beautiful does not seem to have any stronger hold upon her husband than her plain, commonplace sister.

The competent house-wife, whose table is a joy to both eye and palate, eats quite as many husbandless meals as does her slovenly neighbor.

Age does not solve the problem.

Many young men have been ridiculously happy with elderly wives, in spite of Shakespeare's declaration. "Then let thy love be younger than thyself, or thy affection can not hold the vent."

"An old man's darling" has been a slave, and a young man's slave a treasured darling; while the boy and girl of equal years, who played together, as husband and wife quarrel badly.

What is the secret of the difficulty? I believe it is rooted in the disposition on the part of many girls to regard marriage as a transforming and reforming institution.

"Fred will stop drinking when we are married," his little fiancée tells her friends; or, "Ned will not go so often to the club when he has a home of his own;" or, "Charlie's mother does not understand him, and so he appears cross at times."

There are very few marriage-made men. Matrimony does not make or mend the disposition.

If Fred will not reform for the sake of his own manhood, no wife can save him.

If Fanny does not like tobacco smoke, it would be safer for her not to marry the man who loves a good cigar.

If Ned's sharp speeches cause his sweetheart many tears, they will blister his wife's cheeks.

In spite of what moralists say in regard to studying the man you marry, I believe more trouble is caused by girls not studying themselves.

They are more often self-deceived than the victims of any plot on the part of their lovers. They expect too much, idealize too much, and clothe their suitors with attributes they never claimed to possess.

First, then, I would say to the girl who sees upon the horizon, like the prophet of old, the gathering cloud of a man's hand, "Go shut-to the door of your chamber, and have a good talk with yourself."

Are you an ambitious girl, fond of dainty gowns and social prominence?

Then hesitate before you marry a young man on a small salary.

Would it be fair to him to reproach him in the future because you can not have the flesh-pots of Egypt?

You know he is true and honest, and will give you what he can.

But will he be able to give you enough?

Your marrying him will not transform him into a millionaire.

If luxury is necessary to your happiness, it will be a risk to marry a man with no luxuries to give you.

If self-investigation develops the fact that you are very sensitive to criticism, why should you expect to be happy with a man whose grammar is defective, and whose peculiarities of manner excite unfavorable comment?

You can never be both a wife and a school-mistress; the avocations do not harmonize.

Every one, since the days of Achilles, has had his vulnerable spot.

What may not irritate another is, because of your individual weakness, particularly galling to you.

Think of this when choosing a husband; for the man you marry is the man you must live with.

PLAIN FEATURES.

Plainness of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be very plain, and yet very attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman we could not reply. We know there are such, for we have seen them.

IMPROVING THE COMPLEXION.

A GREAT deal can be done toward having a fine and smooth complexion by a systematic treatment of rubbing. A fine towel or a bit of red flannel is best for rubbing, twice a day, or four times, if rapid results are to accrue. By degrees—as the skin gains tone and elasticity from having thrown off the waste matter in its ducts that kept it clogged, sickly and flabby—the friction can increase in energy. The skin becomes not tougher, but more resistant. If the rubbing is too hard at first, however, it is liable to produce redness and pimples. Even slight friction will do this at times on an unaccustomed skin. But the treatment should be persevered in, nevertheless, and the skin soon becomes extraordinarily fine and smooth.

DON'T BE A BACHELOR.

YOUNG man, don't live a crusty bachelor.

It is not good for you.

It will neither improve your morals, your health, nor your beauty.

Marry as soon as you can make it convenient, or as soon as you can shape your affairs to support a wife.

But when you marry, don't fall in love with a face instead of a woman.

Remember that common sense is a rare virtue, much better than silver, and gold, and fashion.

Don't court and marry dress and money-bags, simply because it is dress and gold in plenty, but look for some practical sense in a woman first; that is the touchstone to try her other qualities by.

When you have that, all else comes.

Your wife that is to be, if she is full of common sense, will grow to your way of thinking, and make you grow to hers.

A woman that has womanly love in her heart will find ways to make your love toward her grow as the years grow over you both.

And another thing needs to be heeded, and that is a common-sense woman is not to be found where fashion insists upon dragging your females into a whirl, where there is simply idle gossip and tattle.

Young man, don't stand looking after that young woman with the distinguished air, the reputation of a flirt and belle, and whose father has heaps of cash; for it is not impossible that while you are straining your eyes that way, you may be turning your back upon some unobtrusive damsel whom nature has cut out for your better half, and who may be just that pleasant-faced, placid-tempered, lovable little creature who will think enough of you to go with you to the end of the world, and stay by and comfort you when you get gray-haired and fidgety.

Marry, young gentleman, and keep yourself out of scrapes.

Have something to live for.

A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants entire men.

So mend yourself and be happy.

LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.—Many men seem to have no faith in themselves, consequently no assertiveness, no independence, no pluck, and no push. They are afraid to stand up and speak for themselves, preferring to lean on others; they are afraid to make an investment because of the possibility of failure; they are afraid to tell what they can do, as they might make an error in doing it; they are cowards in every sense of the word. This is often the result of early training. A boy naturally timid is kept in the background so persistently and his mistakes are so severely criticised that he grows up into an entirely useless man. Push and fixity of purpose will always bring a measure of success.

WHOM NOT TO MARRY.

NEVER marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him.

It is very fascinating, but it does not make the man.

The most perfect man who did not love you, should never be your husband.

But, though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do.

If the man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level.

It is hard to remember amid kisses and praises that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover.

Many a girl has married a man whom she knows to be anything but good, "because he loved her so."

And the flame has died out on the hearth-stone of home before long, and beside it she has seen sitting one that she could never hope would lead her heavenward—one who, if she followed him as a wife should, would guide her footsteps to perdition.

Marriage is a solemn thing—a choice for life. Be careful in the choosing.

ARE EARLY MARRIAGES DESIRABLE?

AMONG the poor and illiterate classes early marriages are the rule; while with the professional, well-to-do and educated classes the reverse is the case.

It is a well-known fact that much misery among the poor is due to early marriages. But it is a mistake, I think, to infer from this that such marriages are themselves undesirable in all classes. Much of the immorality and rottenness of society is due to the fact that early marriages are unpopular.

A man never takes life quite seriously until he is married. Ambition, patience, industry do not, as a rule, form a very large part of a young man's character until he "has given hostages to fortune," as Bacon puts it.

To marry young is to marry when the heart is pure and the courage strong. Surely this is best. Those who wait until they have "knocked about the world a bit," or until they think they can afford it, are seldom so fit at thirty-five to become good husbands as they were ten years earlier.

To a certain extent, of course, one must be influenced by circumstances; but that the modern young man suffers from an excess of caution I do not think there can be any doubt.

FALLING IN LOVE.

ATTEMPTS to rationalize the process of "falling in love" can be successful only within very narrow limits, for the reason that affection, from its very inception, idealizes its object.

Love is not blind, but color-blind. Every conceivable virtue is imputed to the adored one, who may be serenely unconscious of being the target for so many superlatives, or may unwittingly add fuel to the fire by an attitude of supreme indifference.

It is sometimes desirable to see life *couleur de rose*, but never when contemplating marriage—a touch of cynicism is better.

Reason as we will, however, it is doubtful if any one of us have been wholly exempt from this mild form of lunacy.

Skeptics from the cradle, we refuse to accept upon the testimony of others even such a plain, every-day truth as that no human being is faultless, and will not be content until we have discovered that the opposite sex contains at least one exception.

Young persons who have been properly bred and educated, especially where there are both sons and daughters in the family, are less likely to imagine impossible virtues of one another.

Girls just in society, who know young men only in their visiting moods, evening attire, and ceremonious manners, are especially liable to this delusion; so is an only son who is sisterless, and whose acquaintance with girls has been confined to the drawing-room, the tennis-court, or the veranda of a country house.

It would seem that it is the trusting, the guileless, and the pure minded who most often imagine they have found their ideal in the person and face of an acquaintance, and who are most often deceived in the character of one whose life is outwardly attractive.

Far be it from the writer's intention to imbitter with suspicion a young girl's faith in her lover, but in justice to herself the girl should seek the counsel of wise and sympathetic friends before giving her promise to a man whose life is not as an open page from his childhood to the day he sues for her hand in marriage.

That it be free from blemish is not to be expected or demanded.

In the hour of temptation the young man may have deviated from the perfect way which he had chosen and still prefers.

If he has thoroughly recognized his failings, made whatever reparation was in his power, and given evidence that the acts came not from character but from impulse, there is no reason why he should be disqualified for the hand of the girl he hopes to marry.

It is due to her, however, that he should open the page of his life to her parents or to some intimate friend, provided there is the slightest possibility of her ever learning the facts afterward from some other source.

She will then be able to consider them in forming her estimate of the man, and every precaution will have been taken that she will never have cause to regret the irrevocable step which she is about to take.

Should a suspicion of some act not strictly honorable in her lover's past enter a girl's mind, she is not justified in ever mentioning it to him, for he has offered her his affection, and has trusted to her forgiving love and to the beauty and purity of her spirit to make him forget that he has ever been even for a moment unworthy of her.

When a girl has given the supreme promise to a man, she has no right to look backward to the "might have beens" in her own career, or to the "may have beens" in his.

Her wife-love should lift her above suspicion and regret into an atmosphere of loyalty and trust.

At the marriage altar she becomes a partner not only of his hopes, but of his memories, and if there is aught in them to bring a blush to her cheek, it should be buried in silence and forgotten.

Young people usually talk so much to each other when they are engaged that by the time they are married they have nothing left to say, and begin to invite others in.

DOMESTIC FELICITY MUST BE EARNED.

YOUNG people sometimes fancy that they can get married happiness merely by going through the marriage ceremony. Domestic felicity, however, like everything else worth having, must be worked for—must be earned by patient endurance, self-restraint, and loving consideration for the tastes and even for the faults of him or her with whom life is to be lived.

"No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
Or yawned it into being with a wish."

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.

No man ever prospered to the fullest extent without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over the land, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared —Ex.

In offering to our friends the accompanying Illustrations, we have selected and arranged the colors in such combinations as, in our opinion, are best calculated to favorably impress the public, and have in most instances employed only new, popular and fashionable tints.

In doing so we are prompted by the demand for a change from the usual or common colors ordinarily used for body and trimming, and are simply following the present taste in House Painting. Fashions change in all things, and to conform to the various changes in taste is the necessity of both the Manufacturer and Dealer. The beauty and attractiveness of a house depends largely upon the colors selected for Painting, and the study in this art, together with the marked improvement in Architectural design of external construction during the past few years, calls for a departure from the old style of Painting, and have resulted in an improved taste in the selection of colors suitable and appropriate to the design of the structure.

These colors are manufactured from the best materials, and are ***GUARANTEED*** *to give satisfaction.*

Respectfully,

SEELEY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of "The Averill Paint."

Rule for ascertaining the amount of Paint you require.

Add the number of feet in width [front and rear] to the number of feet in length [both sides]; this multiplied by the average height, gives the number of square feet to be painted. This divided by 200—as one gallon of this Paint covers 200 square feet, [*two coats,*] gives the amount required *in gallons.*

[EXAMPLE]	Front,	20 feet,			120 feet.
	Rear,	20 "	[Multiply]	Height,	20 "
	Side,	40 "			———
	Side,	40 "			200)2400
		———			———
		120 "			12 gallons for two coats.

REMARKS.—There can be no definite rule established as to the *exact* quantity it will require; but the above is sufficiently near for all practical purposes. Should the surface be smooth and hard, *less* than the above would suffice; if rough and porous, *more.*

Notwithstanding the assertions of others interested in the manufacture of Paints that *their* goods will cover a third or half more surface than any other, we assure the public that our Paint *will positively* cover as *much*—if not *more* surface—gallon for gallon, than any other known Paint.

PUT UP FOR SHIPMENT IN

Barrels of 30 to 50 Gallons.
Half Barrels 20 to 25 Gallons.
Kegs 5, 10 to 15 Gallons.

Pails 2 and 3 Gallons.
Cans of 1 Gallon, 6 in a Case.
Cans of 1/2 Gallons, 6 or 12 in a Case.

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE GIVE EXPLICIT SHIPPING DIRECTIONS.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

1. Paint only in clear weather, and on dry surfaces.
2. Cover knots with shellac, and putty nail-holes before applying first or priming coat.
3. Stir the Paint thoroughly before using.
4. Put the Paint on smoothly with as little rubbing as possible, flowing it on like varnish.
5. Be sure first coat is thoroughly dry before applying the second.

As we designate our colors by **NUMBERS**, *reference should be made to our* **PAINTED SAMPLE CARD**, *which will be found in the front part of this book.*

Any discrepancy that may be visible in colors between the Plates and our Samples representing same, is the difference between **PAINT ITSELF** *and the closest approximation which can be obtained with* **PRINTING INK**, *without however, materially changing the effect.*

PLATE I.

Body,	No. 15
Trimming,	No. 27
Sash, Striping and Blinds,	No. 60
Roof,	No. 115
Cresting,	No. 60

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 36 or 10 can be substituted for No. 15 as Body Color, and Nos. 8, 24 or 47 for Trimming.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Body, No. 44; Trimming, No. 33; Sash, No. 5; Roof, No. 105; Or, for Body, No. 41; Trimming, No. 46; Sash, No. 60; Roof, No. 115; Cresting, Blue or Black.

*Upon every package of the "**AVERILL PAINT**" will be found the following*

GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the Paint in this package will prove satisfactory to the purchaser when applied according to directions. We do not mean a guarantee of satisfaction **ONLY WHEN THE PAINT IS FIRST APPLIED**—*as any Paint is satisfactory when first applied—but our guarantee embraces a sufficient time to properly test its merit.*

Our friends from whom this Paint may be purchased are authorized to protect this guarantee.

SEELEY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers.

SEELEY BROS' NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

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PLATE II.

Upper Body,	No. 53
Lower Body,	No. 60
Upper Trimming,	No. 27
Lower Trimming,	No. 6
Roof,	No. 115

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 10 or 36 can be substituted for No. 53 as Upper Body Color, and Nos. 7 or 11 can be substituted for No. 60 as Lower Body Color.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Upper Body, No. 44; Lower Body, No. 46; Upper Trimming, No. 60; Lower Trimming, No. 27; Roof, No. 115; Or, for Upper Body, No. 6; Lower Body, No. 60; Upper Trimming, No. 34; Lower Trimming, No. 4; Roof, No. 105.

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PLATE III.

BODY,	No. 4
TRIMMING,	No. 46
BLINDS,	No. 60
ROOF,	No. 115

To produce a similar effect, No. 32 can be substituted for No. 4 as BODY COLOR, and Nos. 34 or 60 for TRIMMING.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for BODY, No. 49; TRIMMING, No. 34; ROOF, No. 115; BLINDS, No. 26; Or, for BODY, No. 45; TRIMMING, White; ROOF, No. 105; BLINDS, No. 60; Or, for BODY, White, and for BLINDS, Green or No. 60.

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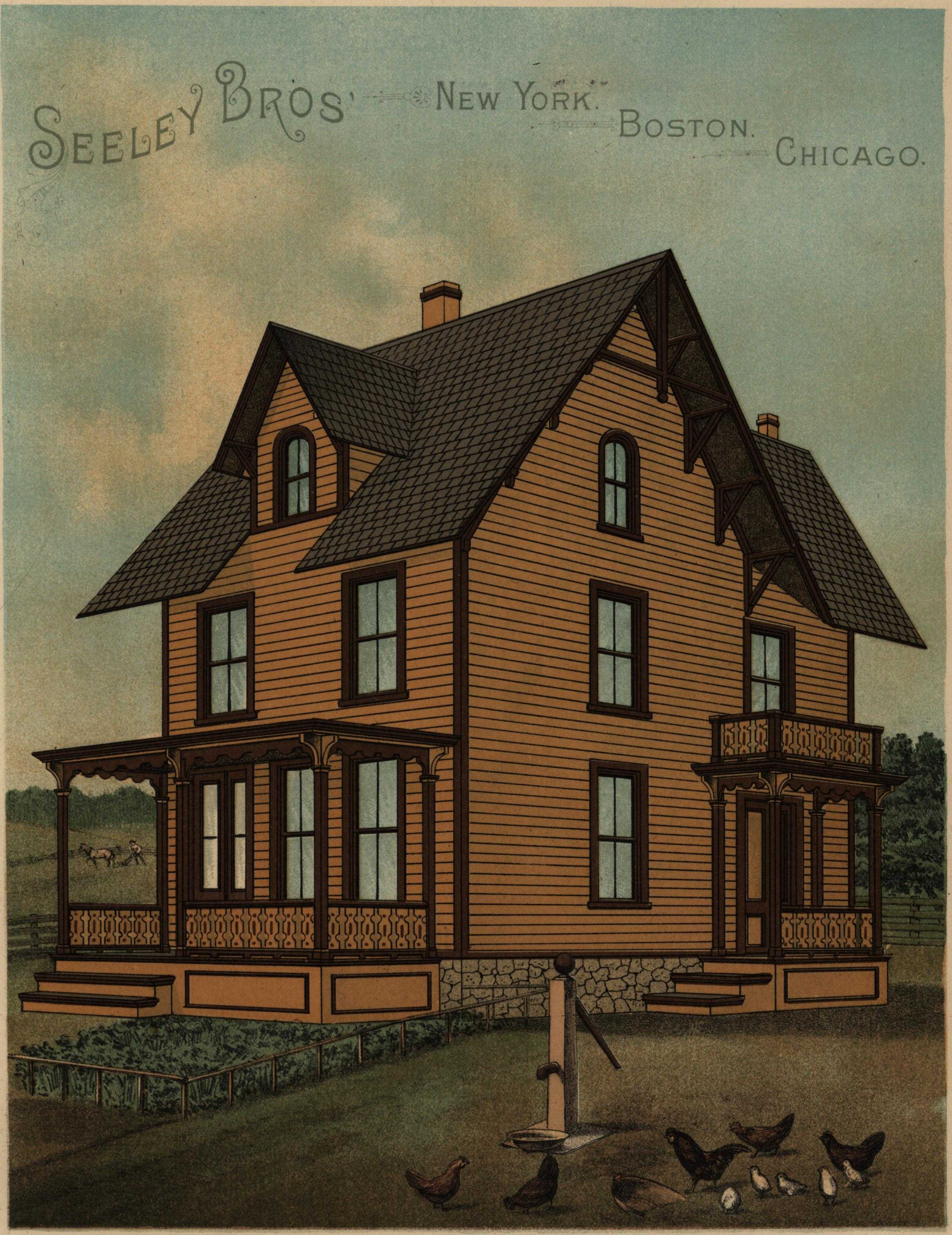

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PLATE IV.

Upper Body,	No. 21
Lower Body,	No. 27
Trimming and Shading,	No. 53
Roof,	No. 115
Cresting,	No. 60

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 5, 7 or 11 can be substituted for No. 21 as Upper Body Color, and Nos. 8, 14 or 24 for Lower Body Color, and No. 10 for Trimming.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Upper Body, No. 56; Lower Body, No. 34; Trimming, No. 60; Roof, No. 115; Cresting, No. 53; Or, for Upper Body, No. 17; Lower Body, No. 18; Trimming, No. 6; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, Black.

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GUARANTEE.

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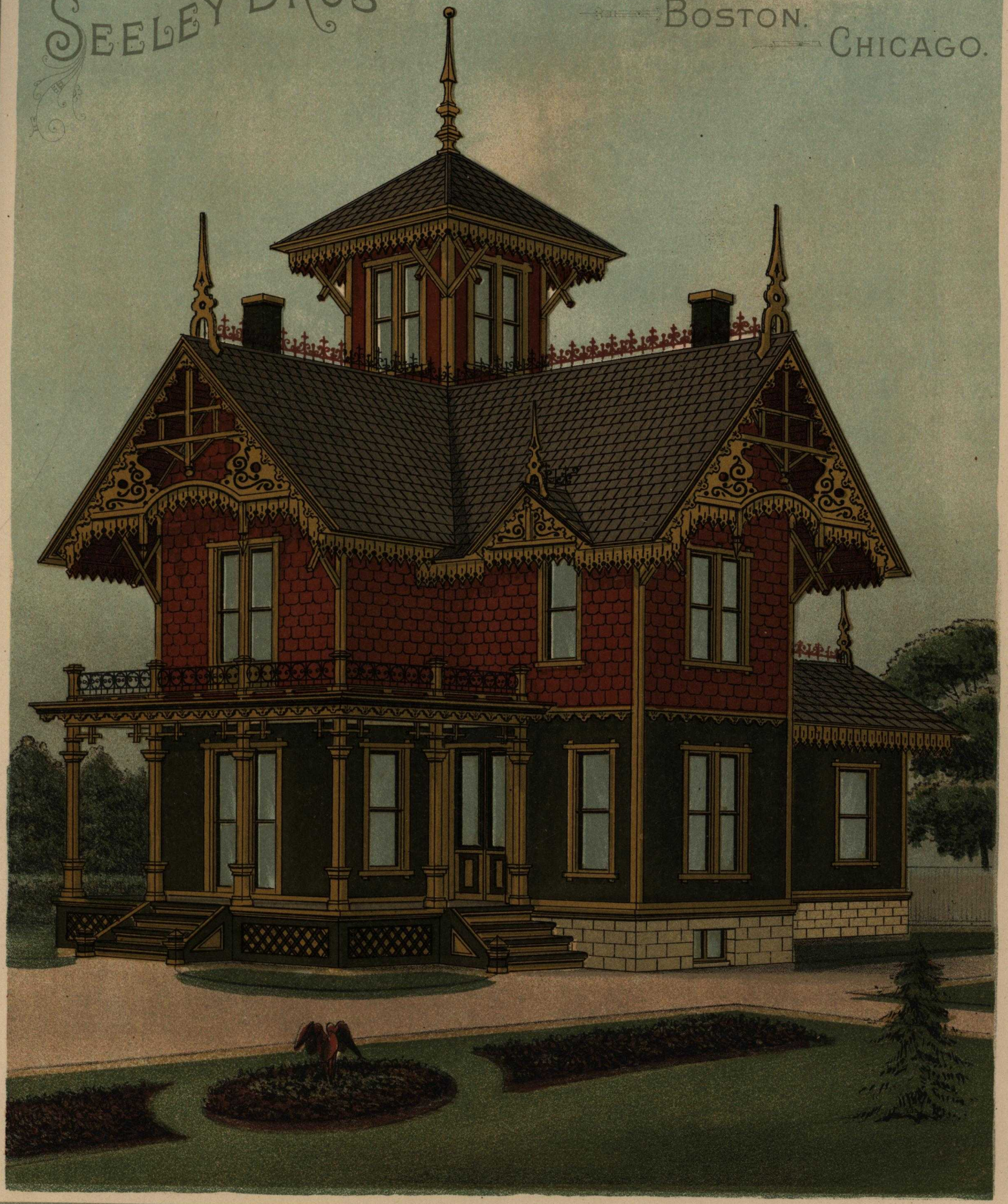

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PLATE V.

Body,	No. 37
Trimming,	No. 18
Sash and Striping,	No. 6
Blinds,	No. 60
Roof,	No. 105
Cresting,	Black.

To produce a similar effect, No. 17 can be substituted for No. 37 as Body Color, and No. 41 for Trimming.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Body, No. 15; Trimming, No. 24; Blinds, No. 21; Roof, No. 110; Cresting, Red or Blue; Or, for Body, No. 14; Trimming, No. 8; Blinds, No. 60; Sash, No. 53; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, Blue or Black.

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PLATE VI.

BODY,	No. 56
TRIMMING,	No. 46
SASH AND STRIPING,	No. 60
ROOF,	No. 115
CRESTING,	No. 60

To produce a similar effect, No. 20 can be substituted for No. 56 as BODY COLOR, and No. 34 for TRIMMING.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for BODY, No. 41; TRIMMING, No. 51; SASH, No. 21; ROOF, No. 110; CRESTING, Black; Or, for BODY, Nos. 14 or 24; TRIMMING, Nos. 10 or 45; SASH, No. 60; ROOF, 120; CRESTING, No. 53 or Blue.

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PLATE VII.

BODY,	No. 60
TRIMMING,	No. 27
SASH AND STRIPING,	No. 53
ROOF,	No. 120
CRESTING,	No. 60

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 11 or 21 can be substituted for No. 60 as BODY COLOR, and Nos. 33 or 8 for TRIMMING; CRESTING, Blue.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for BODY, No. 18; TRIMMING, No. 37 or White; SASH, No. 21; ROOF, No. 105; CRESTING, No. 53 or Blue; Or, for BODY, No. 44; TRIMMING, No. 24; SASH, No. 21; ROOF, No. 105; CRESTING, Black.

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PLATE VIII.

Upper Body,	No. 15
Lower Body,	No. 6
Trimming,	No. 46
Roof,	No. 105
Cresting,	Black.

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 10 or 36 can be substituted for No. 15 as Upper Body Color, and Nos. 5 or 7 can be substituted for No. 6 as Lower Body Color.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Upper Body, No. 45; Lower Body, No. 32; Trimming, No. 8; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, Black; Or, for Upper Body, No. 27; Lower Body, No. 5; Trimming, No. 53; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, Black.

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Plate IX

Reproduced in B & W from another copy of the catalog.

COLLECTING OLD CHINA

By Robert and Elizabeth
SHACKLETON

A Piece of Leeds Ware, Remarkably Light in Weight; Beautiful Openwork Pattern

Allcock Jug in Lavender and White, Gipsy Pattern in Relief

Another Piece of Leeds Ware. These are Marked "Leeds Potteries," Incised

MAN wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," would never have been written had the poet known the exquisite joys of the china collector and the ever-continuing love for prizes of old blue. And once felt, the fascination never departs.

There is a peculiarly delightful quality in that association with the past which comes from the possession of old china. For it brings up not only bygone generations, with their long-mellowed dignity and stateliness and charm, but it sets before us the people of the past in their most intimately hospitable moments. Under no other aspect do fine people so display their finest qualities as when gathered around the social board. No one can be entirely inhospitable who loves old china for its own sake.

There is a subtle charm in the touch, as in the look, of old china, in its soft, smooth glossiness of glaze and in the tender dimness of its old-time colors. One loves to touch these pieces of the past; one loves to look at them as the light shimmers softly in their depths.

No one should be daunted by the thought of difficulties in collecting, for there are still great quantities of old china to be found in America, even at this day. China formed an important part of many and many a cargo landed at the Atlantic towns in the glorious days of American shipping, both from the Far East and, in still greater quantities, from the English potteries.

Not all of this has been broken, not all of this has been gathered by collectors or museums. In the cupboards or garrets of many a farmhouse there are still quantities to be found; nor should it be forgotten that even collections or pieces long held precious in family possession are from time to time open to purchase.

In beginning, the collector should decide whether he is to aim at gathering old china of any description or is to collect pieces of some chosen classification. If his is to be a collection to add completeness to a home built upon Colonial lines or to rooms furnished with old-time things, then age and beauty should be the prime considerations. If it is to be a collection along some specialized line, or to win the awe and admiration of faddists in ceramics, then willow-pattern and flowing-blue and lavender-sprig will not be gathered, and attention will be given only to the uncommon.

But, even though you aim principally at china rich in the charm of age, even though you allow willow-pattern, comparatively common though it is, to enter your collection; even though you pile your oranges in bowls of flowing-blue, if, like much of the flowing-blue, the color is attractive for itself, and even though you grace your dining-table with Canton china, remembering that, after all, Washington deemed it worthy of daily use, you should also aim to some extent at rarity.

It will be a pleasure to serve your punch from a giant bowl of a rare variety of Staffordshire, or to have a set of precious Lowestoft for your tea-table, or to gather excellent examples of Wedgwood or Spode, or to have pieces of some of the rare forms dear to the heart of the specializer.

Among the lines of collecting for those who wish to specialize, a fascinating one is to gather pieces directly associated with famous folk. Martha Washington's Lowestoft; a decanter of Carroll of Carollton; custard cups of Major Buttrick, of Concord Bridge; table china of the Tallmadge whose readiness of wit brought disaster to André; a monogramed tureen of DeWitt Clinton; Madison's White House porcelain—such hints point out the endless possibilities. Necessarily, the history of each individual piece in a collection of this nature must be indisputable; it is not enough to know that china is of a certain age or from a certain factory, for it must be known, also, precisely who owned it. Patience and pains are requisite.

Plates of the Presidents

THE mention of Madison china is a reminder of a highly-interesting collection that has been gathered at the White House. In the entry-corridor of the remodeled building, beneath the East Room, is a row of cabinets in which is preserved a valuable series of specimens of the White House porcelain of various Presidents, in spite of the curious custom by virtue of which the steward was long permitted to auction off what he deemed odds and ends of furnishings in preparing the building for each new Chief Magistrate. Much of the early china that was thus disposed of is now in private collections, but this corridor, with its row of small cabinets, shows a most delightful historical series of the varying tastes of the Presidents and of the times.

Some will wish to gather only the old blue plates whose pictures refer to certain periods, such as the War of 1812; some will wish plates referring only to things connected with the State of New York; some will aim to acquire china of that wide and charming classification which includes only American scenery; some will desire lustre or Lowestoft; some will wish only special shapes, such as cream jugs, sugar-bowls, teapots or the tiny cup-plates, from three and a half to five inches in diameter, upon which our forefathers rested their teacups when drinking from their saucers; some will collect only china pictured with Washington or Franklin; some will wish only special series, such as the Doctor Syntax or the States' Arms.

But most collectors, at least at first, will try their luck and their skill in gathering fine old china of any make or with any design. This is certainly the most admirable method to follow, for they not only gain experience in collecting, but, should they later wish to specialize, are securing pieces which they may later trade with other collectors to their common advantage.

China collecting is reminiscent of long expeditions over highways and byways in search of ceramic treasures, and of drives home with bowls and jugs wrapped in lap robes, and perilously clutched and balanced in rough hillside descents, and of irregular bundles wrapped in newspapers from a farmhouse, and tied with three colors of string, and smuggled into a city home—and who would carry a bundle so wrapped unless it contained old china!

It is harder to find old china than old furniture. If the possessor of old china likes it she may set it forth on mantel-shelf or corner-cupboard, and if she does she is likely to love it too much to part with it. If it is thought little of it is put in obscure places—lost in a barrel, or stuffed under the eaves in the attic, where it is forgotten and hard to unearth. Or it may be like a rare black basalt pitcher which we discovered, used as a jelly jar, or a certain broad-mouthed Wedgwood vase, rescued from the country kitchen in which it was doing service as a salt jar on a shelf by the stove. Or pitchers and bowls may have lost their identity under the embossed flowers pasted upon them in the era, of thirty years ago, when stoneware pipes were made into umbrella holders and fire shovels were hand-painted.

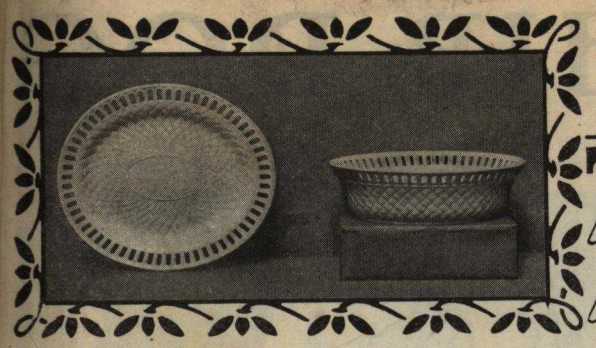
Sometimes a country woman will gladly sell the china that came from her husband's side of the house—perhaps in revenge for reminiscences of the "biscuits mother used to make." She is also usually willing to sell the inherited china of his first wife.

There should be clear understanding of the use of the word "china." As a matter of fact, amazing though it seems, china collecting is mostly not of china!

Pottery—earthenware—of one kind or another has been made since time immemorial.

Technically, "china" means only porcelain; but by the usage of all collectors and writers, and from the lack of a more adequate term, it includes also the fine products of the early English potteries. Those potteries made earthenware and queensware and ironstone as well as porcelain,

1—Staffordshire Cup and Saucer of Major Tallmadge. 2—Sugar-Bowl, Sèvres Porcelain with Imperial "N," Made for the Tuileries. 3—Staffordshire Custard Cup in Blue. 4 and 5—Octagonal Sugar-Bowls of Graceful Shape. 6—"Flowing-Blue" Staffordshire Porcelain. 7—Flowing-Blue Lowestoft. 8—Willow Pattern



Two Examples of Wedgwood

A Set of Three Graduated Derby Vases, decorated in Blue and Gold and Flowers

1 — Polychrome Jug in Beautiful Green and Orange Glaze
2 — "Helmet" Teapot in the Desirable Deep Blue

and these products were decorated or plain, lustred or in relief, glazed or of "biscuit" surface, and white or cream or blue or black.

Porcelain is always translucent. Earthenware is opaque. Chinese porcelain has always been made of kaolin and feldspar. Kaolin, a natural white earth, is infusible, and feldspar vitrifies and holds it.

European makers of porcelain were at first hampered by their inability to find or recognize kaolin, and they used instead cleverly compounded substitutes, sometimes even using glue as a coherent in the paste. But the discovery of beds of kaolin in several countries of Europe brought about the making of porcelain practically as the Chinese made it; "hard" porcelain, as it is termed, the artificial substitute being referred to as *pâte tendre*.

The first porcelain is said to have been made in China, some nineteen hundred years ago. Between the years 1500 and 1600 a little of this reached Europe, and it is curious to know that one of the Medici rulers tried with some degree of success to have it imitated, at a kiln constructed in the famous Boboli Gardens. Not until after 1660 did much of the Chinese product reach Europe. Teapots did not appear until after the 1700's, when the Chinese had learned from the English to make this shape, it being something they did not make for themselves, preferring as they did to make the tea in bowls, in which they stirred it with tiny bunches of splints.

The first important imitation in Europe of the Chinese porcelain was Delft; so called from the early potteries at the Dutch town of that name. This was not a porcelain. It was thin, but opaque. It was a fine earthenware, mostly patterned in blue. Toward the end of the seventeenth century Dutch potters carried the art to England, and thus came English Delft.

It is possible that a few pieces of Delft were brought to America on the Mayflower, but one need not give implicit credence to the many tales of dishes which were carried here by the Pilgrims. Why, there are even teapots shown as having come on that initial trip, in spite of the fact that the first teapot had not then been made.

Throughout the entire seventeenth century somewhat of pottery was made; there were Delft, which was of tin glaze, and wares in the newly-discovered salt glaze; but the great improvement in earthenware, which was marked by the coming in of the really delightful old earthenware products, did not begin until after the English potters had tried to imitate Chinese porcelain.

The English Awakening

THE early English porcelain was what is known as soft porcelain, and much of it was of great beauty; and it is well to remember that Bow began to be made approximately in 1730, Chelsea in 1745, Derby, Worcester and Lowestoft shortly after 1750, and Bristol a little later. All of these kinds are much sought. Gradually following the making of soft porcelain, the factories, having discovered kaolin, began to make some porcelain of the hard paste.

For a time, throughout Europe, the making of porcelain was superintended by kings, as in Naples, Meissen, Sèvres, Berlin; but in England it was always more of a mercantile venture only, and was but casually patronized by the monarchs. Crown Derby is so named in honor of one single visit of a royal George to the factory. Queensware has its name in honor of the acceptance by Queen Charlotte of a caudle set presented by Wedgwood. The Chelsea factory did attract a king's attention for a few years, but it was a very few years only.

Of the really exquisite English earthenware—referring now to such as is not porcelain, although, as has been noted, it all comes by universal usage under the classification of "china"—the most famous is that made by Wedgwood.

Wedgwood was the pottery genius of all time. He came of a poor family, and was born in 1730. When but eleven years old he was put to work in a pottery. While he was still under twenty-one he began manufacturing on his own account, and his success was rapid.

He did not make porcelain. Instead he made earthenware that was more beautiful than any porcelain. And this alone was a marvelous triumph. Wedgwood not only made glazed cream-colored earthenware, such as his queensware, but perfected an unglazed surface of very hard ware, in blue or green or lavender, and on this laid the most graceful and exquisite-cut figures in white relief. For this work he employed Flaxman, the sculptor, and many others of note. These wares alone gave him a world-wide reputation. He made teapots and jugs that have never been equaled for grace and utility; and, a point of practical value to housekeepers, they always poured well. Wedgwood made for the poor, in good dishes of low price, and he made for the most wealthy, in products of beautiful design and workmanship. He continued his pottery until his death, in 1795, and was succeeded by his sons.

Four Famous Makers

LEEDS and Spode are two other wares of great beauty which, like Wedgwood ware, are not of porcelain. Leeds won its reputation with delicate cream-colored ware, very light in weight and most intricately perforated in patterns. Spode is in beautiful shapes and distinctive colors. Like Wedgwood, Spode is one of the very few wares known by the name of the maker instead of the place where he worked. Indeed, Wedgwood and Spode, and the more ancient Palissy and Della Robbia, whose work was also non-porcelain, far outshine in personal fame any maker of porcelain.

Wedgwood is one of the many wares included within the classification of "Staffordshire." There were many Staffordshire potteries, and one of those whose products are well known on this side of the Atlantic was that of Enoch Wood, who began to make pottery about the close of the Revolutionary War, and whose works were carried on at first under his own name and then with the addition of "and Sons." James Clews was another of the well-known makers, and in 1829 he had become the largest manufacturer of dark blue Staffordshire.

Most of the blue china in America is Staffordshire; and, conversely, most of the Staffordshire potters made blue china.

The deep blue Staffordshire was attractive, durable and cheap, because of a newly discovered process by which printing was used instead of hand decoration. The picture desired on a dish was transferred by tissue-paper from an engraved plate to the unglazed surface of the dish, which absorbed the oil and the color; the paper was then washed off, and the dish glazed and baked.

A really surprising point, which should be thoroughly understood by the collector, is the comparatively recent date at which the greater part of "old blue china" was made.

The greater part of Staffordshire was made after our Revolutionary War; before that time the output was not large. By far the greater portion of "old blue" in the United States was made between 1820 and 1840!

Dating Back Old Family Pieces

THERE is nothing more amazing than the myths and misapprehensions regarding the age of most old china. There is a little of the very old in existence here, but only a little. Mistaken family tradition and unconscious exaggeration have much to answer for. We have even been shown a delightful dark-blue plate with the design upon it of Fulton's steamboat, and have been soberly assured that "it has been in the family since before the Revolution."

Many an ardent beginner finds his enthusiasm chilled by learning that his prize is much less than a century old; but this will no longer dishearten him when he learns of the great value placed by connoisseurs on many a nineteenth-century piece.

Amazing was the variety of the blue that our forefathers possessed. Collectors classify over seven hundred patterns by name, and most of them by maker, exclusive of many makes of the willow pattern and of the flowing-blue.

It is fascinating to collect plates upon which are pictures of American scenery. These plates were made by various English potteries, and it is humorous to notice how often they pictured almshouses and prisons. But there are also Mount Vernon, Castle Garden and town halls, however, and many attractive views—even though one potter did make Niagara in two separate and narrow falls, one above the other!

An immense popularity came in America to the dark-blue china with designs relating to the War of 1812. Many of these had not only pictures, but high-sounding mottoes of patriotism, worded with the most deadly insults toward England—and all of this, it is delightful to know, was made in English potteries by Englishmen, who were so anxious for American trade as to exhaust invention in thinking of triumphant phrases of scorn toward their own country.

A host of designs were also made picturing Washington in various postures, and even more showed Franklin in variety of view. And one factory, out-clevering the cleverness of the others, sent hither sets of dishes pictured with Washington, Lafayette, Jefferson and Clinton, confabulatively grouped, with the towers of Windsor Castle looming in the background.

Sometimes, at an auction, a price will suddenly soar unreasonably, and this will probably be because there is competitive bidding for a plate needed in the completing of some series.

For example, there are twelve of the extremely beautiful series of old blue Staffordshire known as "States' Arms." They are of dark blue and beautifully printed with the coats-of-arms of twelve of the original States—

(*Continued on Page 31*)

1 — Melon-Shaped Cream Jug of English Porcelain. 2 — Blue Staffordshire Jug. 3 — Sunderland Jug. 4 — Black Basalt Pitcher, with Strawberry and Grape Vines in Relief. 5 — Copper-Lustre Jug
6 — Silver-Lustre Cream Jug. 7 — Small Earthenware Cream Jug with Blue Grapes in Relief. 8 — Egg-Shaped Cream Pitcher of Sèvres Porcelain. 9 — Small Jug in Italian Majolica

COLLECTING OLD CHINA

(*Continued from Page 11*)

that is, each plate having the insignia of only one State. Perhaps there were originally thirteen, although we have never heard of a collector who has seen a New Hampshire. Most likely there were never more than twelve, that being a natural number for a dinner service.

It is the same with other series, notably that of Doctor Syntax. The Syntax pictures were first made to illustrate the book, first published about 1815, entitled Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque, and two other books, descriptive of further searches by the grammatically-named doctor, which were published a few years later, thus making Syntax as familiar a character to the people of that period as Dick Swiveller and Mr. Dooley have become to readers of a later time. These Syntax prints (there were twenty-seven designs in all) were soon utilized by the pottery maker, and one of the joys of the collector lies in securing new Syntax prizes. "Costly thy china as thy purse can buy," might well be the motto of those who aim to complete any special series of this nature.

A "polychrome" looks imposing in a catalogue, but it may be nothing more formidable than a plate with a few inartistic dabs of green and yellow upon a general pattern of brown.

Cadmus, a name of distractingly-distinguished sound, is merely, after all, the designation of a series of dark-blue plates giving pictures of the good ship Cadmus, in which Lafayette, a very popular pottery hero, came to the United States in 1824.

"Lustre" ware is a variety of pottery which began its career by catering to a sort of Caleb Balderstone desire for family silver. Clever English potters, examining the old-time lustred wares of the Moors in Spain and of the Italians, experimented until they were able to make for their earthenware a brilliant and imperishable coating, of the appearance of silver. Then they took casts of the most charming shapes of Georgian silverware, in cream jugs and teapots and candlesticks, and, making earthenware shapes from these moulds, gave them the silver lustre, and thus produced really delightful things, now much sought after by collectors.

Copper-Colored Prizes

After the silver lustre, and really very much more in evidence for the searcher of to-day, came the copper lustre wares, of which nearly any old farmhouse can show a specimen. They are of brilliant metallic copper color, and the pitchers especially are sturdy and quaint, with an air of every-day use about them. These usually have bands of color, cream or perhaps blue.

There are many odd little points to know —as, that the word "mug" came to be applied because so many drinking-vessels had a grotesque "mug," or face, upon them. That "R" often found within a diamond-shaped mark means only "Registered." Those three little rough marks in the glaze of nearly every old piece of china are merely the marks of the tripods used to keep pieces away from each other in the kiln, and by no means count as a blemish in the condition of the china.

Old vases, jugs and the like are often seen in graduated sets—perhaps in threes, or even fives—and were purchased by our ancestors in apparent preference to pairs or sets of pairs. Often, in looking at these graduated sets, one wonders why the skill of the potter should have been spent in producing so absolutely the same form in such regular and decreasing size.

There is a little trade trick in this, the ingenuity of which appeals at once and quite explains the popularity of these series at the potteries. A large jug or vase was made, a mould was made from that, and in this mould a jug or vase was formed. Drying and firing reduced this exactly one-fifth. A new mould was made from this product. Its product was likewise reduced in size one-fifth. Thus a decreasing set of jugs was made, and no wonder need be wasted on the accuracy of the smaller replicas, for their production is not a matter of skill of eye and hand, but of taking advantage of a natural law of shrinkage.

Lowestoft is a really charming china and deservedly among the most sought for, and

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PLATE X.

BODY,	No. 15
TRIMMING,	No. 34
BRICKWORK,	No. 34
SASH AND STRIPING,	No. 60
ROOF,	Nos. 115 AND 105

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 10 or 44 can be substituted for No. 15 as BODY COLOR, and Nos. 46 or 60 for TRIMMING.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for BODY, No. 36; TRIMMING, No. 27; BRICKWORK, No. 115; SASH AND STRIPING, No. 60; ROOF, Nos. 115 and 105; Or, for BODY, No. 4; TRIMMING, No. 34; BRICKWORK, No. 115; SASH AND STRIPING, No. 60; ROOF, Nos. 115 and 105; Or, for BODY, White, and for BLINDS, Green or No. 60.

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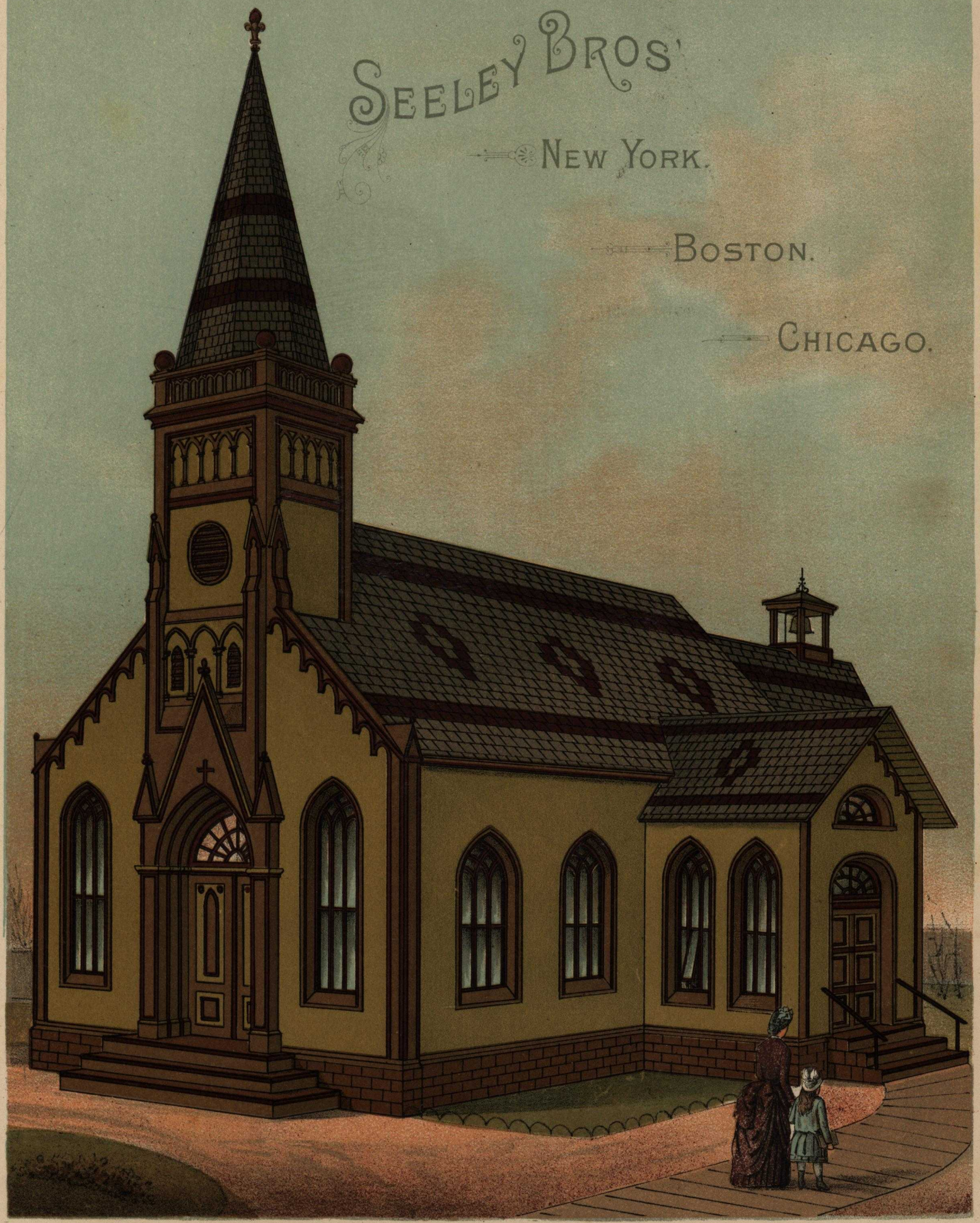

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PLATE XI.

BODY,	No. 20
TRIMMING,	No. 46
SASH AND STRIPING,	No. 53
BLINDS,	No. 59
ROOF,	No. 105
CRESTING,	BLACK.

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 13 or 56 can be substituted for No. 20 as BODY COLOR, and Nos. 34 or 59 for TRIMMING.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for BODY, No. 32; TRIMMING, No. 59; SASH, No. 60; ROOF, No. 115; Or, for BODY, Nos. 17 or 63; TRIMMING, No. 41; SASH, No. 21; ROOF, No. 105; CRESTING, Red, Blue or Black.

Upon every package of the ***"AVERILL PAINT"*** *will be found the following*

GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the Paint in this package will prove satisfactory to the purchaser when applied according to directions. We do not mean a guarantee of satisfaction **ONLY WHEN THE PAINT IS FIRST APPLIED.**—*as any Paint is satisfactory when first applied—but our guarantee embraces a sufficient time to properly test its merit.*

Our friends from whom this Paint may be purchased are authorized to protect this guarantee.

SEELEY BROTHERS.

Manufacturers.

SEELEY BROS' NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

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PLATE XII.

Upper Body,	No. 34
Lower Body,	No. 4
Upper Trimming,	No. 37
Lower Trimming,	No. 46
Roof,	No. 105

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 41 or 59 can be substituted for No. 34 as Upper Body Color, and Nos. 32 or 6 can be substituted for No. 4 as Lower Body Color.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Upper Body, No. 24; Lower Body, No. 45; Upper Trimming, No. 6; Lower Trimming, No. 60; Roof, No. 105; Or, for Upper Body, No. 21; Lower Body, No. 32; Upper Trimming, No. 13; Lower Trimming, No. 34; Roof, No. 115.

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Manufacturer .

SEELEY BROS' NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

Plate XII
Reproduced in B & W from another copy of the catalog.

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PLATE XIII.

BODY,	No. 56
TRIMMING,	No. 18
BLINDS,	No. 60
ROOF,	No. 120

To produce a similar effect, No. 41 can be substituted for No. 56 as BODY COLOR, and No. 18 for TRIMMING.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for BODY, No. 63; TRIMMING, No. 34; ROOF, No. 115; BLINDS, No. 60; Or, for BODY, Nos. 17 or 37; TRIMMING, No. 18; ROOF, No. 120; BLINDS, No. 21; Or, for BODY, White, and for BLINDS, Green or No. 60.

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PLATE XIV.

Upper Body, - - - - - - -	No. 4
Lower Body, - - - - - - - -	No. 34
Trimming and Shading, - - - - -	No. 24
Roof, - - - - - - - - - -	No. 105
Cresting, - - - - - - - - -	Black.

To produce a similar effect, No. 32 can be substituted for No. 4 as Upper Body Color, and No. 46 as Lower Body Color, and Nos. 8 or 27 for Trimming.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Upper Body, No. 44; Lower Body, No. 14; Trimming, No. 60; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, Black; Or, for Upper Body, No. 53; Lower Body, No. 21; Trimming, No. 47; Roof, No. 115; Cresting, Red.

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PLATE XV.

Body,	No. 4
Trimming,	No. 60
Sash and Striping,	No. 27
Roof,	No. 115
Cresting,	No. 60

To produce a similar effect, No. 32 can be substituted for No. 4 as Body Color, and Nos. 21 or 46 for Trimming.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Body, No. 13; Trimming, No. 46; Sash, No. 60; Roof, No. 115; Cresting, Red; Or, for Body, No. 53; Trimming, No. 21; Sash, No. 33; Roof, No. 110; Cresting, Red.

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BOSTON.

CHICAGO.

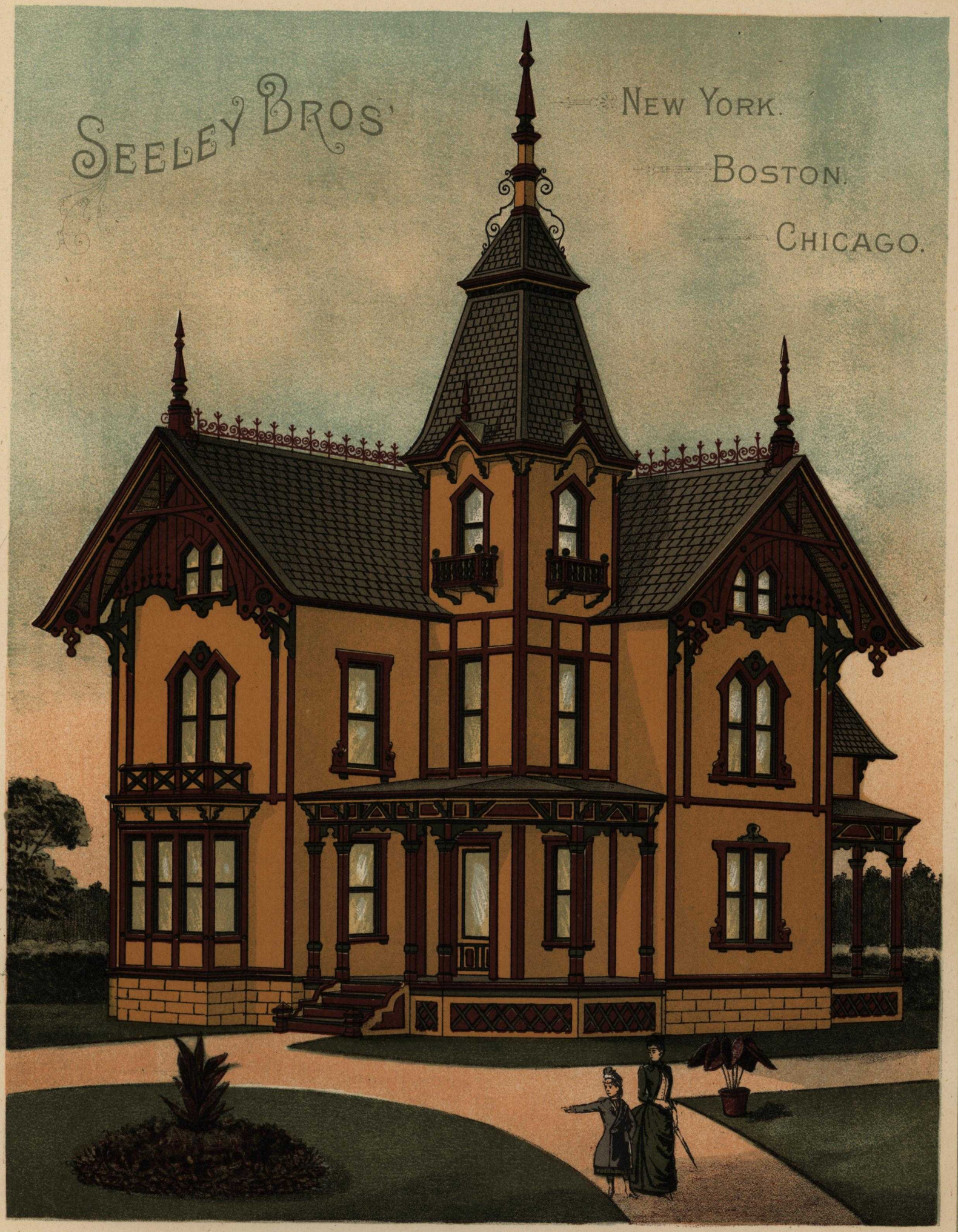

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PLATE XVI.

Body,	No. 63
Trimming,	No. 34
Sash and Striping,	No. 53
Roof,	No. 105
Cresting,	Black.

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 17 or 49 can be substituted for No. 63 as Body Color, and No. 41 for Trimming; Cresting, Blue.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Body, No. 4; Trimming, No. 34; Sash, No. 60; Roof, No. 115; Cresting, Red; Or, for Body, Nos. 13 or 20; Trimming, Nos. 18 or 46; Sash, No. 60; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, No. 10, Black or Blue.

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PLATE XVII.

Body,	No. 24
Trimming,	No. 10
Sash and Striping,	No. 56
Roof,	Nos. 115 and 105
Cresting,	Black.

To produce a similar effect, No. 14 can be substituted for No. 24 as Body Color, No. 36 for Trimming and No. 20 for Sash.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Body, No. 6; Trimming, No. 46; Sash, No. 21; Roof, Nos. 110 and 105; Cresting, Black or Blue; Or, for Body, No. 32; Trimming, No. 60; Sash, No. 53; Roof, Nos. 115 and 105; Cresting, Blue.

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PLATE XVIII.

Upper Body,	No. 21
Lower Body,	No. 27
Trimming,	No. 53
Roof,	No. 115
Cresting,	No. 60

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 7 or 11 can be substituted for No. 21 as Upper Body Color, and Nos. 8 or 24 can be substituted for No. 27 as Lower Body Color.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Upper Body, No. 53; Lower Body, No. 60; Trimming, No. 47; Roof, No. 115; Cresting, Red; Or, for Upper Body, No. 10; Lower Body, No. 8; Trimming, No. 60; Roof, No. 110; Cresting, Red.

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PLATE XIX.

Upper Body,	No. 34
Lower Body,	No. 41
Upper Trimming,	No. 53
Lower Trimming,	No. 60
Roof,	No. 105
Cresting,	Black.

To produce a similar effect, No. 59 can be substituted for No. 34 as Upper Body Color, and No. 34 can be substituted for No. 41 as Lower Body Color.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for Upper Body, No. 14; Lower Body, No. 44; Upper Trimming, No. 4; Lower Trimming, No. 21; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, Black; Or, for Upper Body, No. 115; Lower Body, No. 105; Upper Trimming, No. 110; Lower Trimming, No. 120; Roof, No. 105; Cresting, Black.

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PLATE XX.

BODY,	No. 37
TRIMMING,	No. 60
BRICKWORK,	No. 115
SASH AND STRIPING,	No. 53
ROOF,	No. 110

To produce a similar effect, Nos. 17 or 51 can be substituted for No. 37 as BODY COLOR, and Nos. 21 or 11 for TRIMMING.

Other pleasing effects may be produced by using for BODY, No. 45; TRIMMING, No. 8; BRICKWORK, No. 115; SASH AND STRIPING, No. 60; ROOF, Nos. 105 and 115; Or, for BODY, No. 13; TRIMMING, No. 41; BRICKWORK, No. 105; SASH AND STRIPING, No. 4; ROOF, No. 105; Or, for BODY, White, and for BLINDS, Green or No. 60.

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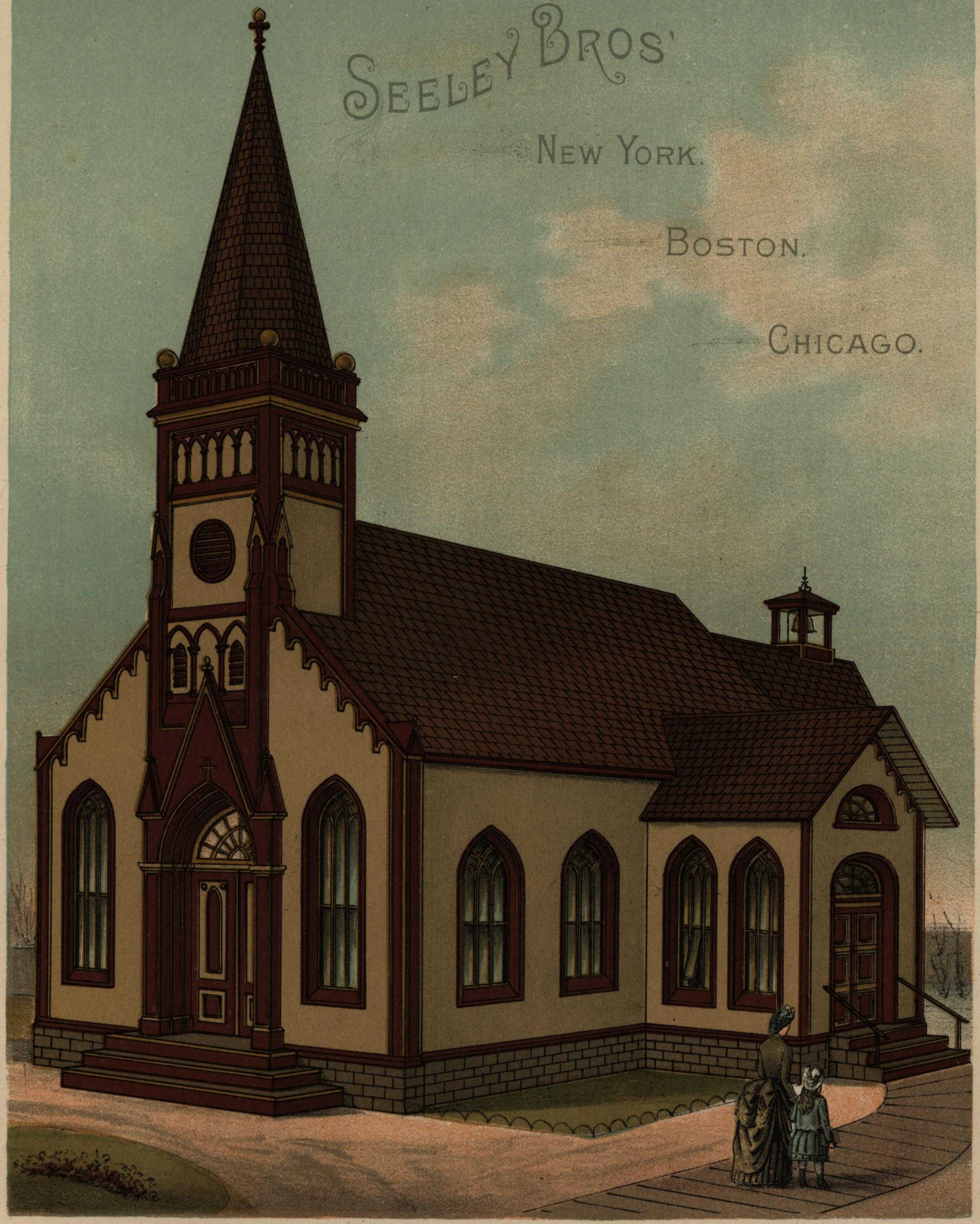
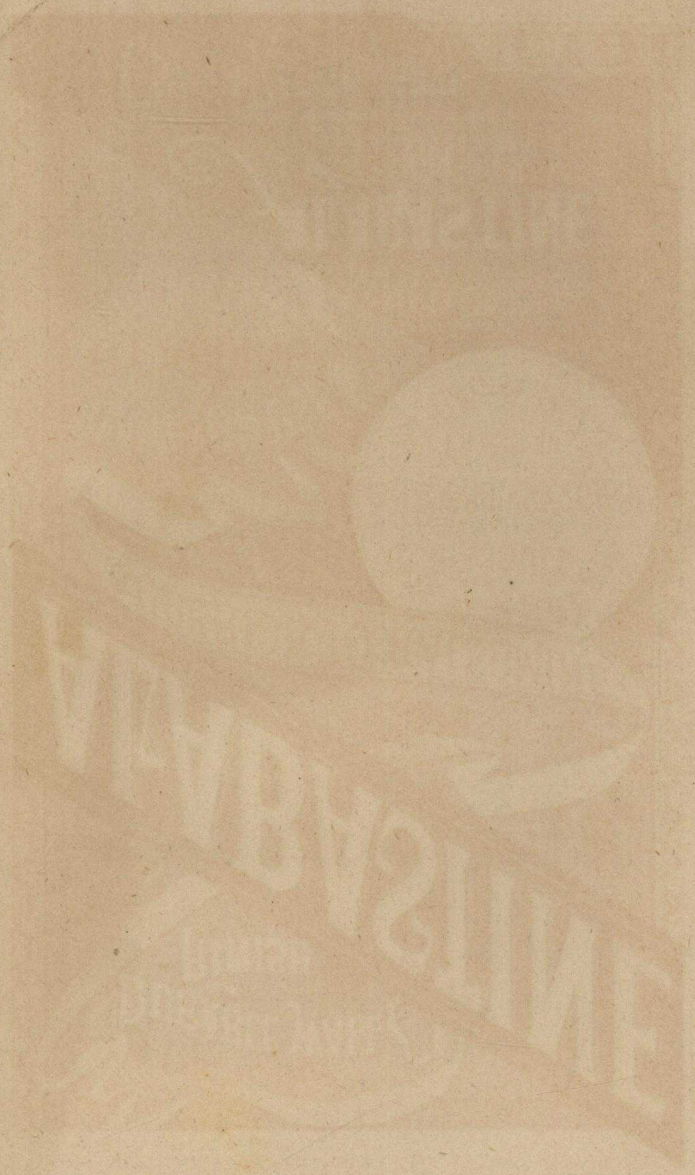




ALABASTINE

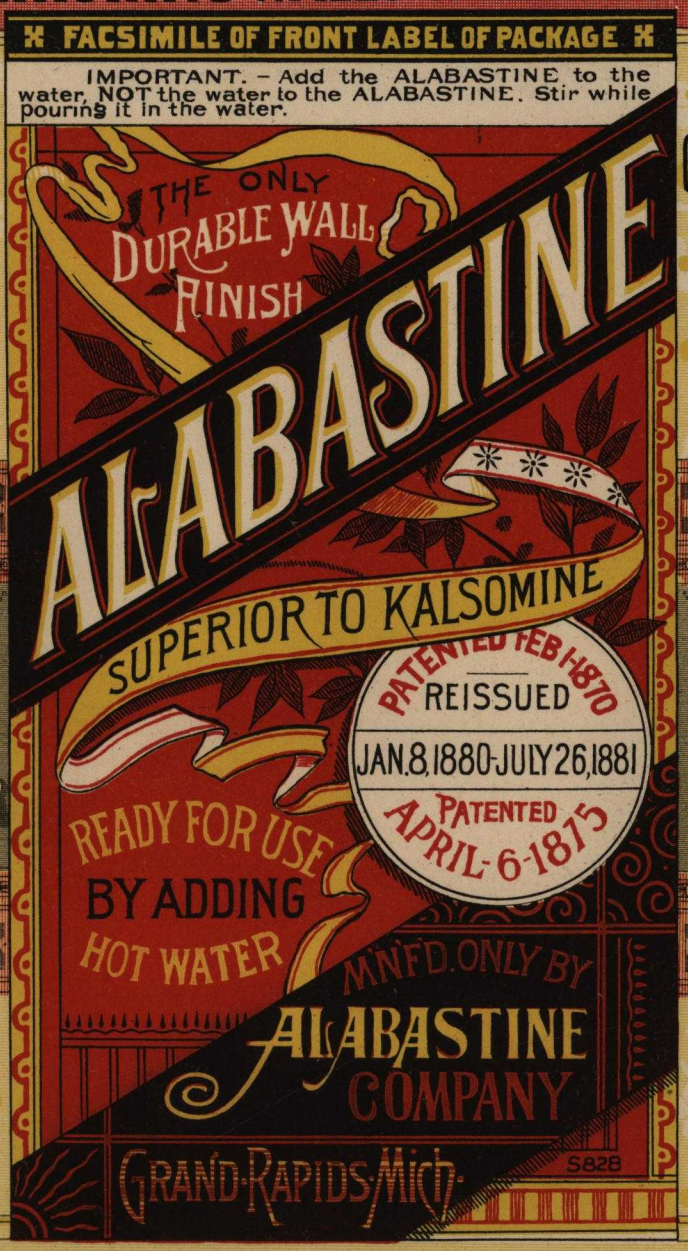
A NATURAL MATERIAL FOR

FINISHING WALLS & CEILINGS,

Put up in MOISTURE PROOF Packages.

FACSIMILE OF FRONT LABEL OF PACKAGE

IMPORTANT. – Add the ALABASTINE to the water, NOT the water to the ALABASTINE. Stir while pouring it in the water.



of 5 lbs. each 20 packages in a case.

READY FOR USE BY ADDING HOT WATER

CAN BE MIXED AND APPLIED BY ANY ONE

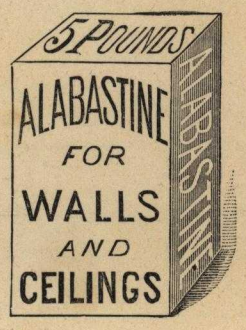
ALABASTINE IS NOT KALSOMINE.

AND SHOULD NOT BE CONFOUNDED WITH IT. **ALABASTINE** *IS A CEMENT AND THE ONLY PREPARATION FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS MANUFACTURED ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES AND THE ONLY ARTICLE WHICH PRODUCES A FIRM AND DURABLE FINISH, IT DOES NOT TURN YELLOW, CONTRACT WITH HEAT, SHRINK FROM THE WALLS, OR SCALE OFF.*
ALABASTINE *MAY BE USED AS A PRIMER FOR PAINT, FOR EITHER OUTSIDE OR INSIDE WORK.*

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
THE ALABASTINE CO.
NEW YORK CITY. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

BACKETT, WILHELMS & BETZIG, 45-51 ROSE ST. N.Y.

ALABASTINE



SUPERIOR TO KALSOMINE.

CAN · BE · APPLIED · BY · ANYONE.

Its convenience and utility will be appreciated when it is considered that

ANY HOUSEKEEPER

can apply it, without the aid of skilled labor, and at a moderate cost.

ALABASTINE

Is an article designed for Walls and Ceilings, and is rapidly superseding all preparations usually employed for this purpose. The objections to the use of Whitewash and the ordinary Kalsomine, are so well known, that any reference to the subject is almost unnecessary.

ALABASTINE is a valuable discovery. It constitutes a *permanent* finish for Walls, assimilating with the plaster, *and will not rub off*. It does not deteriorate by age; in this respect it is unlike all other preparations of a similar character.

ALABASTINE is a *disinfectant*, and renders apartments healthful.

It is the only natural and durable material with which to finish Walls and Ceilings.

It is cheaper than Kalsomine; works easier, and may be applied by anyone. After cleaning, no sizing or other preparation for the Walls is necessary, and one coat can be applied upon another as soon as dry.

It is *whiter* than any other material, and the tints are more clear and more delicate. The White will not turn *yellow*, nor the tints *fade*.

Cracks in Walls can be easily filled with the brush and a little thick ALABASTINE, while applying the first coat. This cannot be done with Kalsomine.

ALABASTINE can be applied over old Kalsomine or Whitewash, which, however, should be washed or scraped off, to insure a first-class job.

It is the most suitable article for using over Wall Paper, or soiled painted Walls.

Wood Ceilings, whether painted or not, can be made *whiter* with one coat of ALABASTINE than with three coats of Lead or Zinc.

ALABASTINE

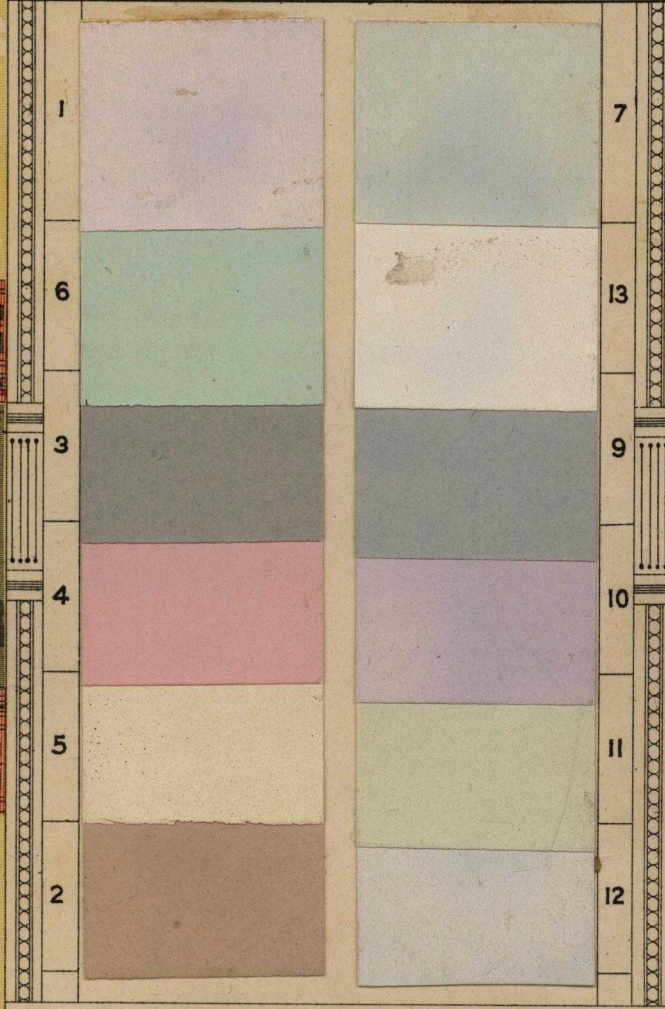
A SUPERIOR

SUBSTITUTE FOR KALSOMINE, WALL PAPER, ETC.

The Best Coating For
A Solid "Hard Finish,"
On Wood Ceilings,
Over Old Wall Paper,
On Brick,
New, Smooth Hard Finish,
On Rough Plaster,
On Painted Walls,
On Rough Boards,
On Canvas, Etc, Etc,.

IT CAN BE MIXED, AND APPLIED BY ANY ONE.

SHADE. SAMPLES OF TINTS SHADE.



These Samples are made by spreading ALABASTINE on paper with a common Kalsomine Brush.

One pound of ALABASTINE will cover double the surface two coats of the same quantity of Kalsomine.

READY FOR USE BY ADDING HOT WATER

PURE WHITE AND A VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL TINTS

Five Pounds of **ALABASTINE** *will cover 50 square yards or 450 square feet, Two Coats. A porous or whitewashed wall may require more. Put up in neat packages, box form, of moisture-proof paper,–of 5 lbs. each, 20 in a case; also in bulk in Barrels and Half-Barrels.* **ALABASTINE** *is a valuable discovery and is the only preparation for the purpose that is a Cement, it constitutes a* PERMANENT *finish for walls, assimilating with the plaster,* AND WILL NOT RUB OFF. *It does not deteriorate by age, in this respect it is unlike all other preparations of a similar character.* **ALABASTINE** *is a Disinfectant, and renders appartments healthful.*

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